Zions Herald

THE INDEPENDENT METHODIST WEEKLY

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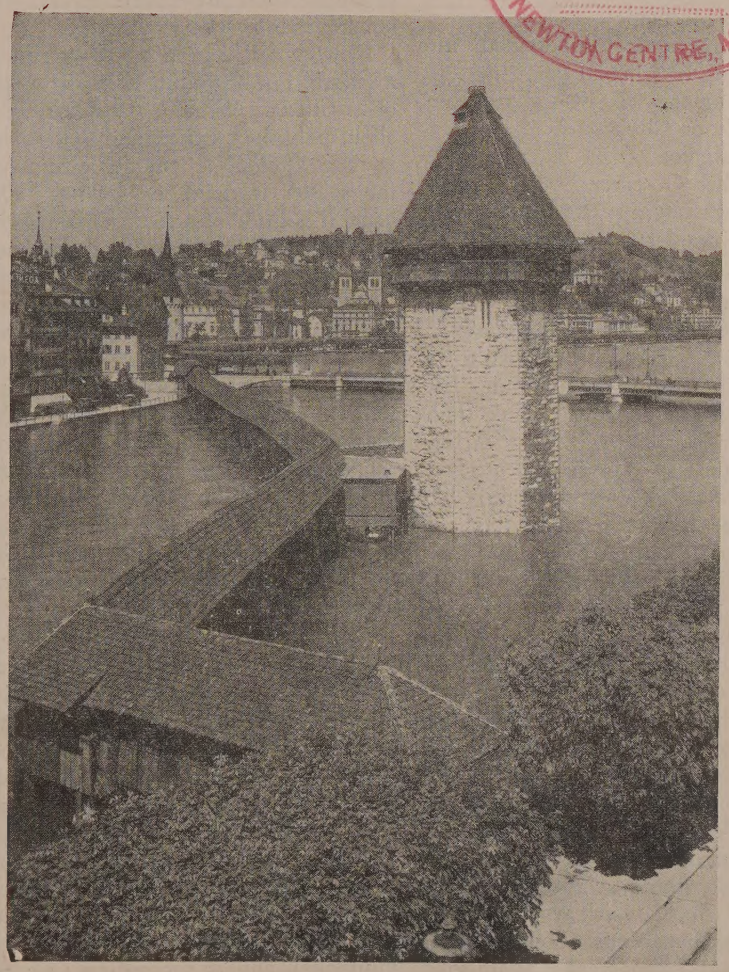

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See page 1182—**Switzerland's An**

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One in a Million Me

THE DIARY OF A DRAFTEE

4. Adjustments and Observations

PVT. LEONARD LESOURD

Miami Beach, Florida
July 12, 1942

Dear Folks:

There's nothing new or of any great importance to announce since I'm not quite sure to which technical school I am going. Each of us put down three choices out of a list including the following schools:

Radio Operator
Radio Mechanic
Air Mechanic (subdivided into about 10 schools)
Armament
Supply or Clerk
Glider Pilot
Weather Observer
Photography
Link Trainer

For my three, I put radio operator, supply, and link trainer. The last required an exceptional score on all tests and is a school to train men to instruct flying cadets in instrument flying on the ground in the "link trainer." Before our interview we took four classification tests: (1) general mechanics, (2) math, (3) a test to identify like and unlike series of radio dots and dashes, and (4) a test combining most of the sciences such as physics and chemistry.

While I had done very well on my general intelligence test at Devens according to my interviewer, I did only fair in the tests on mechanics, on physics, and on the dot-dash identification. Hence, they put me down first for radio mechanic, then for armament school. Perhaps you will be pleased that I missed out on radio operator's test, because those accepted generally get flight duty, which you seem to think rather hazardous. Both the radio mechanics and armament jobs are solid ground jobs.

Another bunch came down from Devens last Saturday, and guess who was in it. You're right—Dick Mansfield. He's in a hotel about a half a block from mine, and has already been assigned to armament school.

So far the days have been taken up with general processing—lectures and drilling. There's a lot to learn. We had a second dose of shots yesterday, and many were sick today from them (not me, though). As I understand it, we will leave Miami for our technical schools about the 20th of July. The schools run for about 20 weeks. I can't apply for officer's training until after three months of service, and possibly not until after I have finished my technical course.

The food stays good. Generally the men in my squadron are a good lot, but of course there are always several rotten apples in every barrel.

Now that I've been a soldier almost a month, I'm beginning to make a few observations. What irritates me most about published articles and the movies is their attempt to emotionalize what the soldier is doing or feeling. The general attitude of a soldier toward the war he is fighting is neither grim nor intense, nor are all kinds of emotions bubbling inside of him. He is almost casual about it all. Not that this casualness might tend to carelessness—no, but the soldier seems completely disinterested in the ethics of the war, the ideals for which it is being fought and the issues involved. I have yet to hear of or sit in a bull session about the war and its complex phases. Out of our squadron of over 100, I am one of the five or six who buy newspapers or news magazines.

What is the attitude of the soldier toward the war he is fighting? Although becoming casual about the war in its broad aspect, the soldier focuses intent interest on how he himself can find the set-up best suited to him. This war, perhaps, is different from any other in this respect. The individual soldier, especially in the Air Corps, can apply for (and usually gets) the branch or school he wishes. In other words, the Army tries to treat each soldier as an individual, and is succeeding to a remarkable extent.

Army life in many respects is like competitive civilian life. The war itself might be compared to the business of a large firm or corporation, and the soldier is one of the employees. He, the soldier, has a chance to get ahead if he works hard; therefore, he hasn't time to think of war in the sense of death, destruction, and other grim aspects. He has his own interests to look out for, so lets the leaders worry about the rest. What I am trying t say is that, whether in the Army or i civilian life, each man acts pretty muc the same. He has his work hours, hi particular duties, and out of it all h tries to derive as much fun and pleas ure as possible, yet always keeping hi eyes on the next rung in the ladde Doubtless this doesn't hold true in com bat areas, but it seems to be the gen eral attitude in the training camps.

Don't get the idea from this that a the soldiers are afire with enthusiasn to do their particular job. There ar completely listless individuals, but thei number is small.

Despite the fact that most of th squadron are 21 or over (there ar a few 18- and 19-year-old enlistees) the atmosphere is almost juvenile mos of the time. What is more, all instruc tions have to be given out as though w were high school kids. What a pre vailing element just plain, ordinar dullness is in many people! It is als amazing to me to see men who actuall cannot grasp the basic elements c marching and drilling. They cann coordinate their bodies to it.

As in every camp, griping is as com mon and prevalent as flies. No matte how nice the set-up, there are alway grounds for complaining. Take awa his grounds for griping and the soldie wouldn't be happy. He'd gripe b cause there wasn't something to grip about.

Well, so long for now.

LEN.

MR. EDITOR!

Readers Write

★

New Role for a Church

Central Methodist Church, Lawrenc filled a new role during a recent week. was used for a Blood Donor Center. Th Mobile Unit of the Red Cross used the ve try and the church school rooms. Eigh hundred fifty pints of blood were given b as many donors during the five days. was the finest exemplification of the gosp of Christ that I have seen in many a da The people came in throngs, freely an gladly, to make their offerings. N differences were made of race, religio or estate. Italians, Germans, Syrians, Greek Russians, Lithuanians, etc., in birth or bac ground—all Americans now so far as I kno —lay on cots side by side giving their bloc for a great purpose. Roman Catholic Greek Catholics, Jews, Protestants, and no professionals were represented in doctor

(Cotinued on page 1192)

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+ THE INDEPENDENT METHODIST WEEKLY +

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The Doctor's Secret

WHEATON P. WEBB

He charged them strictly and severely not to make him known.—Mark 3:12 (Moffatt).

It was a long time before I found out his secret, but I confess that from the start he perplexed—and attracted me. It was plain that he was an obscure country doctor. He performed some remarkable cures, but as soon as he had healed a man, he sometimes flew into a paroxysm of anger and warned the man never to reveal who had helped him.

Was there something inhuman about this doctor? Was he eager to deprive his patients of an opportunity to be grateful? True it was—as they used to point out on summer evenings when he passed down the street—that there was a smoldering fire in his eyes. His own mother and brothers had taken him for mad on one occasion. He had never married, had no children of his own. A lonely man, uncommunicative at times—he was a problem to the countryside, no question.

On the northeastern shore of the Sea of Chinnereth there stands the site of an ancient village, but now the pride and passion of the city are dust. I wish you could have stood there at the door of a poor fisherman's hut years ago, on a Sabbath evening. The country doctor was resting in the hut. He loved to watch the sunset through the fishing nets drying on the shore. He loved the ripple of the water splashing the prow of the little fishing boat in the night breeze. Now the sun was setting, cascading crimson and gold down the lake. He watched the lake turn gray, and the silence of this Sabbath of long ago rested on his weariness and made him glad.

But now he heard a babble of voices and the sound of a multitude approaching. He understood what that sound meant. He knew that, with the coming of dusk, the Sabbath taboo against moving beyond two thousand paces was lifted. Presently there gathered from the dark streets the strangest group the country doctor had ever seen: a child leading his blind father as near the fisherman's hut as the throng permitted; a father carrying a sick child in his arms. What the suffering of even one small town of long ago implied may be imagined. The sufferers looked up out of great helpless eyes of pain into the doctor's face, and saw that the resolute mouth could not hide the deeper compassion of his heart.

Then a very remarkable thing happened. They saw him come toward them from the doorway and walk into the midst of the group. Those who stood on tiptoe on the edge of the throng saw him bend down and place his hand upon the head of a little crippled child. I do not know all that happened in the dusk of that Sabbath evening as he healed the poor. He did not heal all, but he healed many who had been broken with disease or had squandered their health in dissipation so that their minds were divided against themselves.

When this joyous group went singing back to their own little huts in the darkness, the country doctor's name was upon their lips, and they called him by a name that had never been coined before.

But there was one thing that puzzled them: why had the doctor turned almost fiercely upon them when the last had been healed, and commanded them that they were to say nothing and to tell no one?

In the morning the doctor was gone and was not to be found. They soon forgot the injunction to keep his name a secret, and life went on as before. . . .

The following day a man could have been seen walking down a dusty road far from any town. He was all alone. Suddenly there was a figure bowed at his feet—the pitiful, broken figure of a leper. No man had approached him for many years, believing his disease the punishment of God for his own or his parents' sin. The country doctor looked down upon this incarnation of the world's misery.

"If you only choose, sir, you can heal me!"

"I do choose—be healed!"

And reaching out, he touched the man—the first touch of a hand the leper had felt for many years. But—and the man could never explain this to himself—he felt afterward as if that hand had reached down into the depths of his own inner life and *touched the untouchable!* Someone had cared what became of *him!*

You will not believe what happened next. The country doctor turned upon the man, dismissed him abruptly,

almost violently, with a sharp command to be silent. He strictly charged him to tell no one, threatening him with his anger if he disobeyed.

The man stood erect staring at his benefactor, at a loss for a word. When he looked again, the healer had vanished through the trees.

"I'm not to tell anyone," the man whispered, staring at the trees, "not to tell anyone. . . ." Then he was off to the priests. All he could remember about the face of the healer was his eyes, smoldering, looking into you, seeing you—not in the light of your excuses about yourself—not as you were, but as he knew you were going to be. The man shook his head and walked slowly away.

"I'm not to tell anyone. . . ."

I cannot tell you how the doctor healed the deaf man of Decapolis and how he turned to the crowd afterward and forbade them to tell anyone; nor shall I speak of the two blind men whose vision returned and whom he commanded to keep silent.

But I cannot keep silent about the day when he was talking quietly about the lilies. He was interested in all herbs of the field, but that day the lilies had caught his eye. Then a tap on the shoulder—a rich man was appealing for help. His daughter was ill; the doctor must come at once. While the doctor stood there helping someone near at hand, a messenger brought word that the daughter was dead.

The doctor had a hand on the rich man's shoulder now. You can tell much about a man by the touch of his hand. The two men plodded wearily on their way, for every step is like a mile to a house where death has come. Years afterward those who remembered the healer said, "Death is the only thing he hates—death and all that produces death."

The servants crowded about the door of the rich man's house, but the healer commanded them to be gone. Two of the doctor's best friends were at his side. These he admitted, and the father and mother, to the darkened room. Years later the two friends remembered the strangeness of it—death and the doctor in the same room. . . .

"Talitha cumi!"

An opening of eyes, a new breath of being. . . .

The rich man had been so full of sorrow and of joy in this last hour that the healer and his friends were halfway down the street before he remembered and ran after them.

"Whatever your fee—the half of my estates, they are yours!" The rich man had one more surprise in store for him.

"I strictly forbid you and your family to say one word about this."

The rich man stared after the doctor a bit uncertainly.

"Not tell anyone about this? Why, he must be mad! . . . Raises her from the dead, heals her, and asks to be forgotten. Incredible!"

These are fragments from John Mark's Gospel of the Good Physician. It was no accident that made John Mark record eight occasions of the Master's healing power, followed by the express, threatening, almost angry command not to tell anyone. Why did Jesus in so many cases bind His beneficiaries to Him in a great bond of secrecy?

Did He fear the authorities? Then what of those other occasions, as when He healed the Gadarene demoniac, when He commanded the restored man to publish abroa his cure throughout Decapolis?

Did He fear that such display of overwhelming powe might repel men from understanding His highest aims And confirm men in their pat little answers by shrinkin life to a word incapable of utterance in a golden deed Such answers leave us dissatisfied.

Perhaps we shall find the solution only by making th experiment. Suppose that in your own hour of mor failure and of deepest need, when it seemed to you tha you had taken the wrong fork of the road and wer destined to an inevitable future of hopeless despair, ther walked into your life a Greater than Grenfell. You live for a time in the presence of the Understanding Strange His belief in you became part of the pattern of your ow new hope and dream. His aspiration became the breat of your being. He was investing in you His dearest po session—Himself. It was going to be a new chance. The the Understanding Stranger went away, but as He turne to go, He said to you, "You must never tell anyone abou me. Swear that you will keep the secret."

You cannot understand, but the years pass. The ne day has dawned for you. Success crowns the years. On day a friend is speaking quietly. "This community is better place because you have come to live among u What is the secret of your life?"

You are bursting with eagerness to tell him about th Greater than Grenfell who is responsible, but you can' He has sworn you to secrecy. You are treasuring up i your heart a divine secret of love—but you are inhibite from even *talking* about this goodness!

Is *that* the secret? Was Jesus so deeply afraid that th love of God which He was investing in Mansoul woul evaporate in mere talk that He ordered dozens of peopl if we may guess from the Scriptures, to refrain from mer tioning what He had done? He refused to let them diss pate in small talk about His goodness the spiritual ene gies which His golden deeds had kindled in them. B shutting up all the gateways of life but one through whic this goodness might escape, He knew that it must ever tually burst through the one remaining door—the gene ous deed. The springs of action would be unlocked. Thi surely, was the Divine Physician's secret.

Snow in War Time

GENEVIEVE L. HUTCHINSON

Here it comes in the gray, gray dawn,
The comfort of snow;
Into this dark day of unknown things,
One thing we know:
Gray clouds racing with sweeping winds,
White falling round,—
This has no terror or frightfulness.
This is the sound,
The feel, of Nature's familiar face,
God speaking through
Headlines and crashing of man-made worlds,
Basic and true
Setting in gentle mold with crystal touch
Our faith again
In elemental things,—brotherhood,
Peace among men.
Here it comes in the gray, gray dawn,
White snow to fall,—
Quiet, free, familiar snow,
Covering all.

The Church in Latin America

FRANS VAN CAUWELAERT

[From *The Catholic Digest,* Vol. 7, No. 1, November, 1942—Condensed from the *Tablet,* Reading, England, August, 1942]

In traveling through the countries of Latin America, uring a recent mission which lasted for five months, I xperienced, as a Catholic, feelings both of wonder and of reat pity: of wonder before the power and the splendor f the work accomplished by the Catholic Church during e first century of her establishment in the countries of atin America; and of pity at the state of neglect in which re now so many of the monuments of this first period, nd at the still more lamentable decline in religious life self which this condition betrays.

This unhappy contrast is particularly striking in those ountries where the Spanish conquerors established the rincipal and original centers of their new empire: in Iexico on the one hand, and in Peru and Ecuador on the ther. The church in America was able to produce, in er youth, an abundance of works and of monuments hose fulness and beauty amaze the Catholic traveler. Convents such as that of the Dominicans at Lima, of the ranciscans at Quito and at Mexico City, or of the Augusnians at Acolinan, in Mexico; churches such as that of e Jesuits at Quito, or the cathedral at Puebla; universities uch as that of St. Mark at Lima, which has been open to hilosophical and theological scholars since 1551—all these estify to a civilizing power which is astonishing when ne takes into account the restricted numbers of the olonizers and the unprecedented difficulties which disance and the geographical conditions of the conquered ountries imposed upon them. The monasteries are abanoned or occupied by only a few monks, too few to insure properly maintained life; the churches, in general, dislay a dreadful poverty. This deplorable state of affairs less apparent in the important towns, where the big hurches have often kept the external appearances of their ormer grandeur, or have remained the scene of a priestly ctivity which may give an illusory impression of the state f the church in general; but as soon as one ventures forth nto the countryside, one is everywhere struck by the ndisputable signs of a great decay.

Nevertheless, the soul of Latin America has remained Catholic. It has remained so among the educated classes, here political anticlericalism is sometimes allied to a enuine, although little active, loyalty to the Catholic ommunion. It is not least so among the masses of the eople, where ignorance has developed some very remarkble superstitions, but where Catholic religious sentiment till expresses itself with a moving fervor.

It so happened that, during my journey, I was able to ake part in three great religious manifestations, each one haracteristic of the devotion of a different sort of populaion: the procession of the blessed Virgin, patron of the rmy of Chile, in Santiago; the procession of Our Lord f the Miracle, in Lima; and the pilgrimage of December 2 to Our Lady of Guadalupe, in Mexico. The procession n Santiago was a magnificent act of faith and patriotism n the part of a population of European descent; that of Our Lord of the Miracle had attracted in particular the opulation of negroid blood; and veneration of Our Lady f Guadalupe constitutes one of the glorious traditions of he native Mexican Indians. On each occasion thousands of people thronged the streets, in demonstrations sometimes naive but always moving for their piety and their faith. And I have therefore brought away from all the countries of Latin America, and most especially from those in which the native elements have remained predominant, the conviction that this good Catholic land, fallen out of cultivation, is waiting only for a sufficient number of good laborers to yield once again for the church abundant and consoling harvests.

The laborers, alas, are lacking, and it will only be possible to recruit them in anything like sufficient numbers if the Catholic lands wherein there are still abundant vocations share them most generously with Catholic Latin America. I would not wish, I need hardly say, to exceed the limits of discretion which impose themselves in these matters on the laity, and particularly on the laity from overseas; but no one, I am sure, will reproach me for having dared to express so candidly a wish which came to me spontaneously from contact with a continent where Christ, from the heights of the mountain of Corcovado, welcomes you with outstretched arms at the entrance to the magnificent bay of Rio, and where the towns themselves remind you by their names that almost all of them were founded under the sign of the cross.

Only Chile, Uruguay, and the little Republic of Costa Rica, the jewel of Central America, can be regarded as provided with numerically sufficient clergy. In Peru and in Mexico, which together occupied such an exalted place in the conversion of Spanish America, there is no more than one priest for 6000 inhabitants. In Argentina there is one priest for 8571 inhabitants. In Brazil there is one for 9528 inhabitants. In Guatemala there is one for 25,396 inhabitants; and in this latter country there are districts of 100,000 inhabitants or more where all pastoral care is left to one single priest. Even a Francis Xavier would not be equal to such a task; for it must be remembered that these are no pagan masses, but populations vowed to Christ for four centuries, and sincerely invoking His holy name. And the material and moral conditions in which the priests must exercise their apostolate are not of a kind to make their task any easier.

It is not difficult to imagine what religious instruction and the moral state of the masses must be in such conditions. Superstitious practises have distorted or displaced true piety, and unrestrained instincts regain their full sway. I am not sufficiently informed of the causes which have brought about such lamentable reversion, but my contact with Latin America has left me with so deep a sympathy for these neglected masses that I cannot shirk the task of recommending them to the solidarity of Catholics and to the zeal of our great Religious Orders.

Here again, Catholic Europe may help. She must make the voice of her experience heard: and I have no doubt that it will be heard with sympathy. But she must above all send into Latin America the "good laborers"—priests, monks, and Religious who, by the example of their lives, by the fruitfulness of their social action, and by the purity of their doctrine shall prove to all the people that the gospel of Christ is in truth good news.

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L. O. HARTMAN, Editor and Manager

Special Contributors

ERNEST F. TITTLE JOSEPH FORT NEWTON
RAYMOND H. HUSE RALPH W. SOCKMAN
WILLIAM G. CHANTER ALLEN E. CLAXTON

Correspondents

LESTER WARD AUMAN H. ELLIOTT CHAFFEE
CHARLES D. BRODHEAD JESSE LEE CORLEY
WILLIS J. KING WALTER BROOKS FOLEY
PAUL MORRISON

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Christology for Everyman

Dr. Walter M. Horton's latest publication, "Our Eternal Contemporary,"* is an eminently readable book on Christology. His theme, as he tells us in his introduction, has been overlooked in recent American thought. The reasons for this neglect have been two-fold. First, our acceptance of Ritschlianism with its stress on the religion *of* Jesus largely excluded the metaphysial and mystical religion *about* Jesus as contained in much of the New Testament. Secondly, it was necessary to give a major consideration to theism in the "Jazz Decade" which followed the First World War, and then to the problem of man created by the confusion of the depression and the outbreak of the Second World War. Now, however, the intellectual and spiritual climate has changed. The forces of Antichrist are marching with fury. The so-called "man in the street" instinctively feels that the conflict is fundamentally one between Christ and the Adversary. His half-conscious quest for an interpretation of this struggle is deserving of a response.

This needed exposition is given by Dr. Horton in his own clear, reasonable, and persuasive style, a style already made familiar by such books as "Realistic Theology" and "A Psychological Approach to Theology." Christ, he declares, is our "Contemporary" because His teachings, embodied in "an eternally contemporary Book," are pertinent to us today. He is our "Contemporary" because He is still our Leader waiting to show us the way—back to God and then forward to a new age. He is our "Contemporary" because in the cross He demonstrated for all time the nature of this two-way road. Finally, He is our "Contemporary" because in His own personality are to be found the elements essential to a reconstructed world.

Here is a Christology which the average reader can readily grasp, and which evokes in a thoughtful mind genuine hope. It is easy to see why this text has already been made a selection of the Religious Book Club. Some of its contents have comprised Dr. Horton's Earl Lectures at the Pacific School of Religion, as well as addresses at the Facultad Evangelica de Teologia, Buenos Aires, 1940, and the Ministers' Institute, Union Theological Seminary, 1941. The author graciously extends a hand across the sea in dedicating his pages to Karl Heim in deep appreciation of Dr. Heim's "Jesus der Herr" and "Jesus der Weltvollender," although he disagrees with that German theologian in certain fundamental respects.

* *Our Eternal Contemporary.* By Walter Marshall Horton, Oberlin College. Harper & Brothers: New York. Price, $2.

Shocking Tragedy

The whole country knows by this time of the shocking tragedy that occurred in the city of Boston on the evening of Saturday, November 28, when a fire broke out in the Cocoanut Grove night club shortly after ten o'clock which up to this writing has taken a toll of approximately 500 lives, with some 170 injured, many of whom are still in a critical condition. The immediate cause of the fire appears to have been the accidental igniting of an artificial palm tree by a sixteen-year-old bus-boy, illegally hired, who had been ordered to replace a light bulb that had been removed by a liquor-drinking patron and who struck a match in order to see the socket. Why the decorations were not flame-resistant and why the fire "flashed" as it did are among the many questions for which the public investigations now under way may provide answers. Panic as well as fire appears to have been a major factor contributing to the loss of life. Poisonous gases also seem to have played a part.

Word of the catastrophe immediately brought into action the forces of mercy. Doctors and nurses sprang to their posts and worked at top speed. Civilian defense units proved their worth. Clergymen were there to render any service that was within their power. In this connection it may be well to mention the fact that at the Boston City Hospital there are six Protestant ministers who are always on call twenty-four hours a day. Rev. Emerson Blodgett is the head Protestant chaplain, and serving under him are Dr. A. P. Guiles, Rev. Loren Noren, Rev. Ray Petty, Rev. Richard Cleaves, and Rev. Palfrey Perkins. At the Massachusetts General, the other of the two hospitals to which the majority of the victims were taken, the three Protestant ministers regularly on call, Rev. David R. Hunter, Rev. Thomas A. Bridges, and Rev. Charles M. Charlton, were on duty during the emergency, while two other ministers, Rev. Arthur Payzant and Rev. Robert Wood Coe, stood ready to respond had the call come. Protestantism need offer no apologies for its clergy—they are not lacking in courage or in the spirit of service.

MISSIONARIES—PIONEERS OF FREEDOM

esus once said long, long ago, "Ye shall know the th, and the truth shall make you free." Humanity rywhere is in chains. Everywhere enslavement is ling mankind. Men and women yearn for that edom which can make them "free indeed." Out to very frontiers of the world have gone Christian ssionaries to bring light into darkness, to proclaim edom, and to aid in the emancipation of every ion and every race.

n the early years of the missionary enterprise, these alds of the cross had to encounter conditions that ised the stoutest heart to quake. Heathenism—re was no other word for it—meant intellectual l moral darkness, disease, degradation, and death. e missionaries' work was hard. They had to fight orance, idolatry, superstition, illiteracy, and all ds of physical plagues. They had to struggle inst debasing customs such as child-marriage, foot-ding, and widow-burning. They had to insist upon per sanitation, prevention of contagion, decent e for those who were sick. They sought to eman-ate children and youth from depressing home con-ions and to give them a chance at cleanliness, lth, an education, and the hope of the Christian th.

Outside of church circles, these early pioneers of edom were patronizingly regarded as fanatics, ange personalities,—good enough, to be sure, but sguided,—men and women who were wasting ir lives in a fruitless undertaking and mixing into nething that was none of their business. Were not heathen entitled to live their own lives, to follow ir own customs, and to reap their own con-quences?

Notwithstanding criticism and ridicule, the Chris-n blazers of the way, sure of their ground and with unwavering faith in the power of Christ, faced the ficulties and dangers of foreign fields and dured, "as seeing him who is invisible." Many of m gave their lives directly as martyrs of the cross; ntless others suffered breakdowns in health, the s of husbands or wives and of children. But they dfastly carried forward the banner of human free-m.

And now the missionaries are coming into their n, as was evidenced in the reports read last week the annual meeting of the Board of Missions and urch Extension in Cleveland. Second-generation ristians among nationals of every country are giv-g a good account of themselves not only as Chris-ns but as professional and business men, as rulers d diplomats. In the early years of the new Chinese public, for example, a majority of the Govern-ent's cabinet members had been trained in Christian schools. In all these lands, hospitals founded by mis-sionaries have helped to stop the dread sweep of disease and to restore health to thousands upon thou-sands of physical wrecks. Universities, colleges, high schools, and elementary schools are training the com-ing generation for service to mankind. Missionaries are heading reforms, holding up noble political and social ideals, transforming the slums of great cities, and teaching the farmer the secrets of successful agri-culture.

The missionary in China, India, and other fields is now being recognized as the great transformer, the friend of man, the herald of the Christian religion, and the forerunner of democracy. To this fact, not only churchmen but also heads of government and leading officials in our time bear unmistakable wit-ness. Where would China be today had it not been for the missionaries? And where should we be today if it were not for valiant China, irrevocably com-mitted as she is to the democratic ideal?

The missionary movement through the years has been supported solely through voluntary giving and effort. This vast undertaking of changing a world has never had the benefit of large-scale government backing; it has never been able to draw upon great funds for support. Its representatives have given themselves freely to the task—have left home and friends, and endured suffering and hardship, to work for a minimum compensation which provides food and clothing for the family, a small subsidy for the education of children, and not much else.

For sound investment, we recommend the Chris-tian missionary enterprise. It takes hold on the future, on eternity itself. It deals with the deep fundamen-tals of life. It is not primarily concerned with a reshuffling of organization, a readjustment of old methods, superficial modifications in the relationships of nations. No, its work is basic. It goes to the root of things, to the teachings of Jesus, which alone are able to furnish a sound foundation for permanent brotherhood, peace, and cooperative living.

The missionary enterprise is a sound investment for individuals and for nations. Where can a man find a better channel of expression for his leadership than in personal devotion to the task of changing a world, either as a missionary or as a strong advocate of mis-sions? Coming to money, in these days of financial uncertainty anyone who is seeking an investment that will bring large returns in terms of lasting achieve-ment for good should not overlook the chance to make the gospel of Christ powerful in every land. The missionaries are still pioneering the way to that human freedom which in its essence is nothing less than divine.

The Great Resolve

Highroad to the More Abundant Life

LESTER L. ROUSH

These tense days bring many questions before us—questions of profound significance. Will the Christian faith calm the storm and survive the Hitlerian doctrine of force? Is democracy finished? Has Christianity the dynamic necessary for such a time as this? My belief is that the Christian doctrine with its infinite significance to the individual human soul which forms the unit of all social life, has what it takes to rejuvenate our social and national life for the new day ahead. The process is from the individual soul to the unlimited reaches of social demand. The prerequisite to man's rise to the spiritual level, the coveted goal of human history, is his recognition that he has sinned and left the fold of his Father.

It may take both a psychological revolution and a rebirth of religion to save civilization. In fact, that is precisely the faith for which we are pleading. New-born individuals help to make new-born nations; new-born nations are necessary to a new-born world.

We must arise to the concept that God created man in His own image, that God gave life and no man is endowed with authority to say when that life shall be taken away. The sacredness of life is fully shared by those only who hold to the high concept of a good God who is the Creator of the universe and whose creation was for a good purpose. If man fulfils this high objective, his supreme devotion will be to God, not to a dictator or earthly potentate.

If we would arise to the divine purpose in man, we must throw overboard the theory that man is by nature inherently pugnacious. That means that we must return to the Biblical account of God's purpose in man. Christianity holds that through God's plan of redemption man can recover his lost estate. In the acceptance of this philosophy, man becomes sensitive to wrong-doing, he is pacific, he is affectionate. He has a sense of "co-consciousness" which arouses affection for oneness and thus works toward a Christian fellowship.

If nations would rise above the law of the jungle, individual man must no longer shun the value of personal regeneration. He must seek it with his heart, mind, soul, and strength. He must cherish it as the highest goal of his ambitions.

The cult of force must be destroyed from the face of the earth. Man must return to a belief in God both as Creator and as Redeemer. Had such faith dominated Europe, Hitlerism with its mad slaughter could not have been.

Descartes inspired man to think for himself. As a result, an immense new self-confidence arose, resulting in a belief in progress which would be the work of man's own labor and thought. This greater conception of himself tended to turn man's gaze from God, and the power of man was so exaggerated as to give rise to the culf of force.

Man's coming into possession of this immense new self-consciousness was at once a blessing and a curse. It presented a dynamic sufficient for a new civilization if used in cooperation with the creative and redeeming Power of the universe. Temporarily, man seems to have used this new-found power, as did the young man in Jesu parable of the Prodigal Son, to rebel against the Fathe demand what was his own, and go out for himself. Bu alas, he tragically finds himself incapable, without th cooperation, of rightly using these new-found powers an profitably managing the affairs of the world. An im mense poverty of spirit is the result of this prodigal war dering. Though man is feeding on the husks of swin he is as yet too proud to confess, "I have sinned," and pr claim in repentance, "I will arise and go to my Father.

Present world conditions challenge us to a new evalu tion of certain principles which tradition has held to b fundamental. I would not insist on returning to traditio for the sake of tradition alone. That might even stop th push of progress. Yet wisdom argues the correlation c the age-old principle of living and acting with the emer ing values of an ever-expanding future.

One of these traditional principles is the supremacy c the revelation given in Christ, in whose name alone sa vation is offered to the world. The image of God in ou own creation constitutes our capacity for spiritu response. The clear channel for that response is throug Christ, as millions of His followers still attest.

The history of man indicates a natural tendency t respond to God's redemptive persuasion. It is that man a a whole may live on a spiritual level. The whole struggl of man, far from that purpose though it seems at time has been to lift himself to that level. By endowment h has these potential possibilities. This spiritual leve requires an intensive unified effort which man is bu slowly achieving. In the fulness of time Jesus came fo that purpose, and that purpose will not be sacrificed though the cult of force would seem temporarily to dis place it.

The best guide to this spiritual highroad is the Nev Testament. It is supremely concerned with the improve ment of the individual in order that the whole of life ma be lifted to the spiritual level. It lifts the gaze far beyon the sense of self-satisfaction. It points toward the goal o Christian fellowship around the world irrespective o race, social birth, or nationality.

Another fundamental step in the return to the Father i the acceptance of belief in the presence of Christ in Hi holy church as Prophet, Priest, and King. This suggest the necessity of taking time out for meditation. God mus be given a chance to reveal Himself to the new civiliza tion.

To resolve to arise to this new demand of God for th new age is a courageous step, but is one which desper ately needs to be taken. Only through similar efforts ma we "rejuvenate creation" without beating everything t pieces.

A highroad similar to this is the one over which ma must travel if he would arise and return to the Father The road is open and will lead to the planetary future i moral and spiritual advancement. This is a necessar process if civilization is to go forward. Such is pre requisite not only to the maintenance of Christian democ racy but to personal salvation.

THINGS WHICH CANNOT BE SHAKEN

Enduring Foundations of the Faith

by WILLIAM G. CHANTER

'he Book of Job—Ancient Thinking on Modern Questions

'II. Is Life Worth Living? What is your life?

'hinkest thou this to be thy right, . . . that thou sayest, . . . 'hat profit have I more than if I had sinned?—35:2, 3.

Elihu is here raising a point that needs emphasis quite s much today as it ever did. Most people, when severe nd crushing misfortunes come to them, take the attitude hat they have an undoubted right to challenge the divine ustice, even to complain that the world is out of joint in far deeper sense than that in which poor Hamlet used he words. Life cannot be worth living just because this articular life is all askew. But Elihu points out—in a ombination of acute insight into general principles with curious insensibility to the facts of the particular situaon before him—that this right is not at all indubitable. Ie might have gone on to say with truth that no rights re ever to be taken for granted.

This right to a life of worth and dignity, like every ther right, is not a gift, save as every great opportunity a gift. We are ourselves responsible for turning posbility into fact. What is your life—what have you made f it? Have you done your part in putting dignity and 'orth into it? Then and only then have you a right to emand of God that He vindicate the justice of His rule nd make clear the meaning of the sharp adversity which ow seems to be the only outcome of a life of high virtue.

y reason of the multitude of oppressions they cry out; . . . ut none saith, Where is God my Maker? . . . —35:9, 10.

Then, again, too many of our complaints against life re no more than a bitter protest against suffering, *our* ain, *our* loss, rather than a plea for light in the darkness, light by which we may be able to see a meaning for dversity; or for fortitude to bear nobly what must be orne; or for courage to end the wrongs that others suffer 'ith us. The cry of a suffering animal wrings, or ought wring, our hearts. The cry of human beings, beaten own by a cruelty that crushes out humanity, that cry ndeed sounds louder in the ears of a righteous God than he pompous Te Deums of the lords of misrule. But, as ng as we remain human, something more than a scream f pain may be expected of us.

Against what do we rebel? Against suffering? But do 'e alone suffer? And have we never known the sweetess of life, the joy of honest work well done, of the sight f the lights of home at the end of the day, the host of mple joys which are ours just because we have that eculiar human sensitivity which opens to us ways of appiness which the animals can never know? Would 'e destroy those kingly highways because at times they re used by the marching armies of grief and pain?

To whom do we cry? To God? But have we in our ours of prosperity found our way to Him? Or have we eglected the gracious invitation of His love, and kept Iim a stranger, His name a mere word? If life is not 'orth living now that the skies are black and the landscape dreary, are we sure that it was worth living when the sun was shining and the fields and hills were radiant? Do outer circumstances make all the difference? Perhaps the godless life is never worth living for a human being, never at all. The cry of those who want only the removal of hard and bitter circumstances is a useless cry because it is asking for the wrong things. The only prayer that is worth praying is for the presence of the God who giveth songs in the night—in the darkest hours as in the noonday, always the same.

Oh that I were as in the months of old, as in the days when God watched over me.—29:2.

All these things are true—but they did not apply to Job. Again and again he had said that it was not the suffering and the loss that moved him but the lack of the strong assurance of God's presence in his life. When he looks back to the days of a now lost happiness, it is not his wealth, or his power, or even the happiness of his home that stands first in his memory. It is the gracious fellowship of God, the light of whose presence made his ways plain even in the darkness from which not the happiest life is altogether immune. Job's complaint is not the cry of bitter resentment, or the scream of animal pain. It is not the complaint of one to whom God has meant nothing but a source of good things to be taken without any thought of the Giver. It is the cry of a great soul, struggling in the darkness not for immunity from pain and loss but for light. Men like Job have a right to ask for an assurance that their lives are worth living.

Let me be weighed in an even balance, that God may know mine integrity.—31:6.

Nor was Job's complaint that of a man whose life had been robbed of all worth by a surrender to "the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the vainglory of life." Wealth had been his, and he had made it a means for helping the helpless and setting up homes for the homeless. Power had been his, but he had never misused it. Rather it had been strength to the weak and protection for the oppressed. Always he had kept the thought of God before him, never turning to the false worship of things. The life of Job had been a noble life, his character had been a splendid achievement, his religion had been pure and undefiled.

My heart is troubled, and resteth not; days of affliction are come upon me.—30:27.

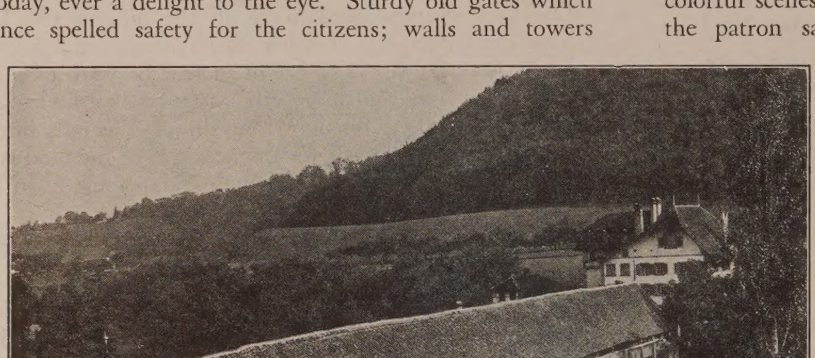
Yet the Book of Job tells us that not even a life like that is exempt from suffering, or from the dark hour of the soul when God seems lost. If life is worth living, its worth lies deeper than in prosperity, deeper even than in a worldly happiness which is beyond the reach of envy because it seems so well-deserved, because it is so nobly used. Beyond all the gains and losses of this troubled world, there must be treasures which the world does not know. Job's cry was for the way to that divine treasurehouse. It was the loss of that way which was the last and saddest of all his losses.

Switzerland's Ancient Covered Bridges

Carefully Preserved Relics of Medieval Days

MARIE WIDMER

Quaint, medieval towns nestling on a meandering Swiss river here and there,—who can resist their colorful beauty and their charm! As the living testimony to the skill, art, and thoroughness of their builders, they stand today, ever a delight to the eye. Sturdy old gates which once spelled safety for the citizens; walls and towers



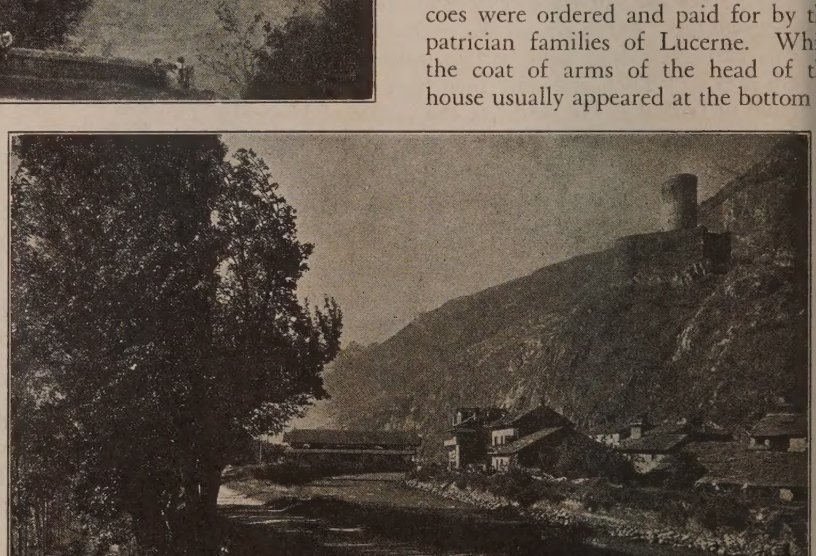
which defied the onslaught of armies and the inclemency of the elements; fountains, where man and beast found refreshment; and bridges, the welcome successors to an often perilous and irregular ferry service provided by rowboats.

The covered wooden bridges that one encounters in Switzerland add a touch of beauty and poetry to both rivers and towns. Long ago the number of these spans was necessarily considerably greater than it is now. As time went on, the beauty of these venerable structures was not fully appreciated. Those that remain, however, are being preserved for posterity.

Jewels of their kind are the Kapell and Spreuer bridges in Lucerne. The former crosses the river Reuss diagonally. Dating back to the year 1333 A. D., it is reminiscent of the days when this fair town did not possess a single house of stone—a feature which caused it to be nicknamed "the wooden stork's nest." Almost in midstream the Kapell Bridge is adjoined by an octagonal tower, known as the Wasserturm, which originally formed part of the city fortifications. Once the safe deposit of the municipal treasury, it is now the storehouse for the town archives and documents.

Until 1611, no attempt at decoration of the brid seems to have been made, but in that year the Tov Council decided to beautify the rafters of the roof. series of seventy-seven triangular tablets, adorned wi colorful scenes from Swiss history and from the lives the patron saints of Lucerne, St. Leodegar and Maurice, mostly painted by H. Wa mann of Zurich, was subsequent placed at regular intervals beneath t roof of the bridge. Since these table show paintings on both sides, there a 154 scenes in all. They have been ca fully renovated on several occasions.

The Spreuer Bridge also is a wood structure throughout. It was built 1408 A. D., and had become famous f its tablets depicting the "Dance Death," which Caspar Meglinger, noted artist of his day, painted 1652 A. D. Since war and pestilen had shortly before visited the countr it had been deemed proper to portr the uncertainty of human life on th occasion. Sixty-four individual fre coes were ordered and paid for by t patrician families of Lucerne. Whi the coat of arms of the head of t house usually appeared at the bottom



Above—Old Bridge near Berne, Called the Neubrücke. *Below*—Bridge at Historic Martigny in the Valais.

the left, those of his wife were reproduced to the righ and occasionally the two armorial designs were combine

During the earlier renovations it sometimes happen that the verses underneath the pictures were changed a that the persons at whose expense the restoration w made added their coat-of-arms to those of the founder

The most recent renovations on both bridges have been executed strictly on the basis of historical records. As the "Dance of Death" scenes are of especial interest, they were then photographed for the first time.

Also on the river Reuss, but located in the canton of Argovie, lies the little town of Bremgarten. A sturdy château, remnants of former fortifications, and a delightful old wooden bridge are its foremost landmarks. The Bremgarten span, like the Lucerne Spreuer Bridge, features a small sanctuary which invites passers-by to tarry a while and meditate. A fortified approach on the left side of the river is of interest. It consists of a powerful tower with gate, entirely open toward the bridge. A lightly built wooden passage connects the tower with the sturdily constructed span. In times of siege, this connecting passage was removed by the defenders.

Near-by Baden, on the Limmat, is another charming Old World town. Here, on the right river bank, stands the well-preserved Landvogtei-Schloss, built in 1487-89, a château once inhabited by the provincial governors. Today it houses a collection of antiques, including numerous Roman finds. A loftily arched passageway leads through this building to the covered bridge of Baden. The span is entirely enclosed, with only four shuttered openings affording an outlook on the stream. The primary object of the builder in this case was apparently to safeguard the structure from the inclemencies of the weather.

Baden, whose very name betrays the presence of its mineral springs, was the popular Aquae Helvetiae of the Romans. Today, in aspect still medieval, it is a spa of ever-increasing popularity. The ruined Stein, a stronghold cherished by the Hapsburgs until its fall in 1415, is a proud landmark.

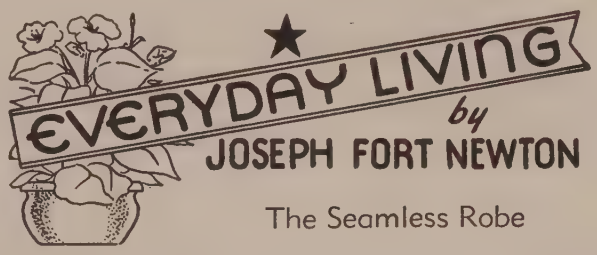
From Baden it is but a short distance to the shores of the Swiss Rhine, where the ancient towns of Eglisau, Laufenburg, and Stein-am-Rhein each pride themselves with splendid covered bridges. Stein-am-Rhein has been described as a medieval poem, with balconied houses, painted façades, magnificent old public buildings, and a Benedictine monastery dating back to 1005 A. D. The covered bridge that connects this town with Säckingen, on the German side, is an especially long span, with a tiled roof and two pretty little devotional chapels.

Berne, the Federal Capital, ranks as one of Europe's foremost picture-towns. Its towers, gates, arcades, fountain statues, and ancient public buildings are gems of their kind. While proud modern bridges connect the old and new quarters of the city, a fine covered wooden span, known as the "Neubrücke," is to be found in a suburb. This bridge crosses the river Aare. An unusually large roof is its characteristic feature.

There are other venerable covered bridges in various parts of the land. One of these crosses the river Rhone at Martigny, the Roman Octodurum, which is the starting point of the Great St. Bernard Pass and the Alpine railway which leads to Chamonix. Higher up in the Rhone Valley, at Visp, another good-looking and well-protected wooden span lends a finishing touch to the charming landscape.

Here and there, throughout Switzerland, one encounters these ancient bridges. Some may not occupy spots of outstanding scenic beauty, some may be quite unobtrusive in size, but each and every one has been deemed worthy of preservation for posterity.

And what a vivid contrast these time-honored bridges form when seen side by side with an up-to-date stone viaduct, of which Switzerland has a veritable array of masterpieces. Near Disentis in the Grisons Oberland, for instance, the two Rusein bridges—one of the covered wooden variety and the other of stone—are typical specimens of the old and the new. Also in the canton of Appenzell, the new and the old Hundwiltobel bridges present a similar contrast.



The Seamless Robe

What became of the seamless robe, stripped from the body of Jesus when He was crucified, for which the soldiers gambled at the foot of the cross? There are many legends, many traditions, but nobody knows.

Anyway, Lloyd Douglas makes "The Robe" the thread and theme of an exquisite and moving story, rich in thought, noble in style, which ought to do no end of good, because it tells of a time not unlike our own day.

As was the custom, the soldiers shook dice for the robe of Jesus, and it was won by the officer who had charge of the execution, a young man who had come to the city just in time to see the Palm Sunday pageant.

All that Marcellus saw that day was a Man riding a shaggy white donkey, followed by a crowd—almost a mob—tearing down branches along the way, poor shreds of a brief, broken, futile glory, it seemed to him.

A few days later he was ordered to take command of the Crucifixion. It was his first execution—he took a few stiff drinks to brace him. The scene is painted vividly, but with restraint—as the officer saw it.

With the robe he had won, Marcellus went back to Rome—haunted by a feeling he could neither explain nor escape. Later he goes back to Galilee and Judea in disguise, meets people who knew Jesus and talks with them.

The story then broadens into a picture of the age, when Rome was crumbling in the hands of the senile Tiberius. One sees the social life of the Empire in decay, its rich rottenness, and swarms of slaves.

Later we see Caligula, the monster, trying to destroy the religion of Jesus, the frightful persecutions, the ruthless cruelty of that hard old Roman world. Yet something warm, winsome, wonderful had entered the life of man.

Marcellus, skeptical, materialistic, cynical, meets that new spirit and hope in the simple people with whom he talks in Galilee. They tell what Jesus did, what He said, His joy in doing good, the light in His face.

It hardly seems like fiction at all—it is so real, the characters are so clearly drawn; one is back in the very atmosphere of the life that interprets life. Marcellus sees Stephen die and is convinced.

To read this story is to be exalted, subdued, cleansed; it renews faith in the Advent of a new vision which always rescues man from himself.

——It is when I look at pictures of the Nazi leaders—Hitler, Goering, Goebbels, Himmler, and the rest—that I know that my pacifist convictions must be founded upon the eternal rock of principle. For if this were not so, the sight of these men would shake them to the ground.—*John Haynes Holmes.*

A Ministry to Labor

Religion and Labor Foundation—Accomplishments of a Decade

EDWARD L. PEET

"The CIO sincerely wants to be understood. Labor has no grudge against the church. Labor simply wants the church to understand what its unions are trying to achieve; how unions are absolutely necessary in this great democracy, which, pray God, will be preserved." These words from CIO's President Philip Murray in a "Message to the Churches" as printed in the November 18 issue of ZIONS HERALD ought to appeal to all reasonable men. They ask for no blanket endorsement, nor even support. Mr. Murray asks for fair play—for "understanding." While there is still a substantial block of people in the Christian church unwilling to be fair on this question and for whom the very sound of the word "labor" is a shrill warning of impending mental blackout, there is accumulating evidence that Americans generally are beginning to accept labor organization as an integral part of the common life.

Not a little credit for this shift in public opinion belongs to the National Religion and Labor Foundation with headquarters in New Haven, Conn., which this month celebrates its tenth anniversary. Launched in the depths of the great depression by a small handful of leaders in church and labor, the Foundation since then has survived and advanced, bringing the two groups of which it is composed into such fellowship and cooperation as to achieve a large measure of that understanding for which Mr. Murray so modestly appeals.

Before we try to answer what the RLF has done, let us first inquire whether it had a cause and a reason for existence. Why not a "Religion and Capital Foundation"? Is there not an equally urgent need for understanding between the church and the owning class? E. W. Scripps once said to Lincoln Steffens: "We the employers have and use every other weapon. . . . We have the press to state our case and suppress theirs (labor's)." Until recently, labor has been unable to state its case. Moreover, organized religion needs to be understood by organized labor. Less than a half-century ago, no less a figure than Pope Leo XIII expressed alarm at the widening chasm between the church and the working man. Protestant churchmen, remembering that Christianity's nativity was not only under humble circumstances but of humble men,—carpenters, fishermen, tentmakers,—have long sensed the discrepancy between this and our present all too exclusively white-collar constituency. But a few years ago I heard President Tully C. Knoles of the College of the Pacific speak of this as one of the major failures of contemporary Christianity.

It is not that wage workers are without churches; by and large, our churches are sustained and run by workers of hand and brain. The chasm is more intangible than that. It is between two idealisms, two spiritual entitie unaware of a deep underlying unity. A few years ago Michael J. Quill of the Transport Workers Union put i tersely: "The church and labor belong under the sam roof. They want the same things. Both want adequat wages for workers, both want jobs for all, both wan decent houses for people to live in, both want children t have nourishing food so that they can grow up in health Labor is fighting for the same things that religion say it wants." The failure of the Christian church over wid areas to perceive this humanitarian and spiritual signifi cance of the labor movement is perhaps the root cause o labor's estrangement from the church. As the churc becomes socially alert, this estrangement will give way and now is giving way, to mutual sympathy and coop eration.

Just as the church needs the sympathy of labor, so labo needs the counsel of the church. It needs the vibran idealism of the Christian movement. I needs the whole emphasis and genius o Biblical religion in its thought and con duct, lest selfishness and the lust fo power override the larger interests of th community. The labor movement lik the church needs always to be under th judgment of the kingdom of God. Bu the church cannot say that until it ha first won a hearing in labor circles by it own courageous defense of kingdon principles. The Religion and Labo Foundation was created to foster jus that.

WILLARD UPHAUS

The Religion and Labor Foundation has become for him the "single thought of his lifetime"

No account of the reconciling work o the RLF would be complete without word concerning its executive secretary Dr. Willard Uphaus. Donald Culros Peattie in his "Forward the Nation" de scribes Meriwether Lewis as Presiden Thomas Jefferson's heaven-sent ambas sador to the far Northwest: "You ca buy an ax man and his ax any time, an let him blunder. But to find under you hand a man shaped to your purpose b *the single thought of his lifetime,* is th rarest of luck." The RLF has become for Willar Uphaus the "single thought of his lifetime." A graduat of Yale Divinity School, one-time college professor, Meth odist local preacher, Dr. Uphaus combines the winsome ness of the saint with the bold incisiveness of the prophe His good wife, Ola, teacher for some years in a girl high school in West China, divides her busy hours thre ways—the home, the New Haven District presidenc of the Woman's Society of Christian Service, an secretarial work for the RLF. In any parsonage or churc the "team of Uphaus and Uphaus" would be a godsenc Were he a labor organizer, Dr. Uphaus would be to man, and this would give him an economic securit which he earns, but does not receive as secretary of th RLF. The Foundation is, however, the "single thought

of them both, a veritable Uphaus cross if you please, but a cross which casts a glow of faith and hope for all who grope toward that "city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."

What has the Foundation done through these ten years? It has brought ministers and laymen of the churches together with leaders of labor. It has brought them together all over the nation in conferences. It has brought them together in campaigns for housing, civil rights, welfare legislation. It has defended ministers and organizers when they have suffered because of courageous action. Through local chapters in theological schools, it has helped hundreds of young men and women in training for religious leadership to understand the role of labor in society, and it has given them first-hand acquaintance with that one third of the ill-housed, ill-fed, ill-clothed population of the land, and with those who, through organization, strive to better the common lot. It has brought Catholics, Protestants, and Jews together on the same platform in Labor Day programs and has made them all conscious of that underlying harmony of the spirit which motivates men of good will. It has conducted study tours each summer through the deep South and into the far West. It has set up Centers—labor churches, if you will—like Labor Temple in New York, the new Center in Cleveland, and the Center in New Haven. Through its monthly organ, *Economic Justice,* it has continued to perform year after year an educational service of the highest order.

The Foundation is not without its own roll of distinguished sponsors. Bishop Francis J. McConnell, RLF honorary chairman, will be the presiding officer at the anniversary public service, which is to be held at Labor Temple, New York, Sunday evening, December 13. Others on the program will be Dr. Jerome Davis, RLF founder, and Algernon D. Black of the Ethical Culture Schools, New York, together with well-known representatives of the AFL, CIO, and Railroad Brotherhoods. The membership of the executive committee of the RLF includes Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, Dr. John Haynes Holmes, Joseph Schlossberg, A. Philip Randolph, John A. Lapp of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, and Professor Robert L. Calhoun of Yale Divinity School. These are but a few of the men in church and labor who by their support certify to the value of this effort toward an understanding which by common consent is long, long overdue.

Musings of a Church Pew

LEONARD IVES

They tell me that civilization has come to a critical hour. The ways of life are being tested; they are in death struggle. I am a wooden pew in almost any church, and yet I feel that I have something to say about the future. No nation that neglects me will endure. Oh, it may flash for a brief hour, but it is doomed, for that nation has gone to the far country of the seen and neglected the Unseen yet real. When my brother pews and I are well filled, it speaks of the central core of spiritual strength that is so needed today. Those who pause here to worship have means of invisible support.

Sometimes you see me in a great cathedral in a busy city square; sometimes you see me at the crossroads where farmers toil to feed the world. Sometimes I am in a deserted church where window-panes are broken and cobwebs flourish. It was so gradual in neglect—first a few brother pews empty and then a few more. Some children forgot the church of their parents; others were busy, too busy. I hear that some men ask about keeping the freedoms in America and yet never come to worship in the sanctuary. It must be they just take me for granted.

What a history I have! I have seen the babies carried by proud fathers to the altar for baptism. I just hope parents never think of that as some magic rite, but regard it rather as a consecration of child and of parents. Most of those who come as infants and children stay with me. Winter crowns their heads now, but they first came with their parents. "I believe in . . . the communion of saints"; often when they open the gates of prayer they are conscious of the opening of the gates of glory and a nearness of dear ones.

I don't know of anything better for our world than a whole family's coming together and sitting together on my oak seat. It does something for the family. Just the other day, I saw a soldier and a sailor come with their parents. How much that meant to worship again with dear ones! Do you remember the day it was so hot and Johnny went to sleep on the long sermon and bumped his head hard on my hard back? Then once Mary leaned on her father's shoulder and had a nap. Oh, yes, and George did often turn to smile at Ann; they are married now. You know I sometimes wonder about the children's going out just before the sermon. Is it better, or should they stay? Maybe that depends on the age of the child and the length of the sermon. Martha used to drop her penny on the floor, and how confused James's mother was when he could not sit still. There was the day when Mr. B. went to sleep and Joe was watching a fly struggle up the bald place on the back of his head.

Yet the presence of God was there, and the teachings of Jesus did get through to little ones. A little girl who had been to church often, was asked by her grandmother whom she loved the best. The little girl replied, "Grandma, you are going to be disappointed. I love Jesus best of all." Grandma was not disappointed. Those who come here know Him and love Him.

Before the time of classrooms, the Sunday school classes were scattered all around here, and what a noise! But they tell me most of the official board members of today grew up in those noisy classes.

Have I seen life? Joy—the relatives of the bride and groom sat here for the wedding. Some of them I never saw before, but they thought it best to have the wedding here—such marriages last longer. Sorrow—some great tragedy has happened and tears have splashed upon me. Comfort came here, and I believe the greatest comfort to relatives is to know that their dear one was here regularly and is at home with God. Devotion—that communion Sunday when they felt the actual Presence of the Risen Christ and sealed their vows at the altar. Triumph—Easter came, and the room was filled with flowers, children, and song: "Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory." Sacrifice—Widow S. put in her envelope and in it was a fifty-cent piece, far more than she could afford; it put Mr. P. to shame with his dime when he could have given two dollars.

This is how I feel about life, and I do believe that I can fill a great place in the future if you will fill me. Go to church and everyone on your street will see, and even that will create a respect for the place of worship. Bring all the family; say a good word for your church to others. The church must claim this hour. Good-by, I'll be seeing you in church—regularly.

Rev. Everett R. Barrows, who has served the Methodist Church at Hudson since 1939, will become pastor of Fisk Memorial Methodist Church, Natick, on December 13. He succeeds Rev. Guy H. Wayne, who was appointed to St. Paul's Methodist Church, Lynn, following the transfer of Rev. Everett E. Jackman to Nebraska. Successor to Mr. Barrows at Hudson will be Rev. Albert S. Anderson from South Street Methodist Church, Lynn. Mr. Anderson also will assume his new duties on December 13.

Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, minister of Christ Church, Methodist, New York City, is one of three religious leaders who will head the newly organized Commission on Religious Organization which will serve to stimulate efforts by various denominational and church bodies in dealing with inter-cultural problems, it has been announced by Rev. John Elliott, chairman of the commission, which is a unit of the National Conference of Christians and Jews. The two other religious leaders named with Dr. Sockman are Very Rev. Edward J. Walsh, C. M., former president of St. John's University, Brooklyn, and Rabbi Israel Goldstein, president of the Synagogue Council of America.

Rev. Frank Cunningham, who received the master of arts degree from Boston University in 1939 and the bachelor of sacred theology degree *cum laude* in 1940, has been appointed assistant professor of philosophy at Wilberforce University, Wilberforce, Ohio. Mr. Cunningham served as minister of the colored congregation at Morgan Memorial for three years. For two years he was a graduate assistant in the department of philosophy at Boston University.

Rev. Clarence A. Wagner will assume his duties next Sunday as minister of the North Congregational Church in Newton. He plans to continue his graduate study besides fulfilling his pastoral responsibilities.

The death of Adella Foster Nichols, widow of Rev. A. R. Nichols of the New England Conference, occurred November 24 at Brookfield, after a short heart illness. Mrs. Nichols was born in Chester eighty-nine years ago. Following Mr. Nichols's retirement from the active ministry, they went to live in Brookfield, where, after the death of her husband, Mrs. Nichols continued by choice to maintain her own home as long as she lived. Although physically frail in her later years, she was mentally very alert. Young people loved her and greatly enjoyed visiting her. A devoted Christian, she was a lifelong reader of ZIONS HERALD. Not only did she subscribe for the paper for herself, but for a number of years she had provided subscriptions for missionaries, and when the call went out for ZIONS HERALD Associates to help sustain the paper, her name appeared in the list of those who responded. Mrs. Nichols is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Charles L. Reed of West Newbury, and a son, Arthur R. Nichols of Minneapolis, Minn., a member of the official board of Hennepin Avenue Methodist Church, that city. Funeral services were held on Friday, November 27, in Brookfield, Dr. Charles C. Merrill, secretary of the Congregational Board of Pastoral Supply, officiating, assisted by Rev. Howard A. MacDonald of the local Unitarian Church. Burial was in Brookfield.

Bishop James C. Baker of Los Angeles, Cal., is making his annual visit to Boston University School of Theology on Tuesday and Wednesday of next week. On Tuesday at 10 a. m., in Robinson Chapel of the School of Theology, he will assist Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam in an ordination service, and on Wednesday at 10.20 a. m., also in Robinson Chapel, he will address the theological school students in their regular chapel service.

Rev. Robert S. Moore, a member of the New England Southern Conference in the retired relation, dropped dead on the street in Edgewood, R. I., where he made his home at 3 Wheeler Avenue, on Thursday of last week. He was in his seventy-fourth year. His widow, Bertha (Salisbury) Moore, and two daughters survive him. Funeral services were to be held on Sunday afternoon in the Washington Park Methodist Church, Providence, R. I. A more extended notice will appear in a later issue of the HERALD.

Rev. Arthur D. Stroud, pastor of First Methodist Church, Boston, was able to get away for a short period of rest following his strenuous labors in connection with the centennial observance of his church. Accompanying his son and daughter-in-law, Corporal and Mrs. Ronald E. Stroud, as far as Chicago on their return journey to Colorado, Dr. Stroud planned to visit his daughter and her family in Chicago and his son Dexter, who is in military service in the Dakotas. It was also his intention while in Chicago to spend part of his time studying the programs offered by city churches similar to his church in Boston. He expects to return to his pulpit next Sunday.

Rev. W. Emory Hartman of Altoona, Pa., district superintendent of the Altoona District, Central Pennsylvania Conference, and Rev. Floyd Shacklock of New York City, assistant to the chairman, Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief, are coming to Boston this week and will speak at the chapel service of Boston University School of Theology on Thursday and Friday respectively.

Mary P. Spencer, who with the late Dr. David S. Spencer spent forty-four years in Japan as a missionary of the Methodist Church, died in her sleep November 24, at the Home for Aged Women, Binghamton, N. Y. She retained her faculties to the last, and was joking with the nurse who cared for her, fifteen minutes before the peaceful end came. Mrs. Spencer was born in Dunmore, Pa., in 1856, and was married to Dr. Spencer in 1882. She leaves three sons—Dr. Henry J. Spencer of New York City, David C. Spencer of University City, Mo., and Major Robert S. Spencer, at present stationed at Harrisburg, Pa. There are eleven grandchildren. The one grandson, Lieut. Abbott Spencer, is with the Air Corps. Funeral services were held November 27 in the Fairview Methodist Church, Binghamton. Rev. Alfred R. Burke of Chenango Street Church presided, and Rev. J. N. Smith, district superintendent, and Rev. Leon W. Bouton of the Fairview Church took part. Rev. Floyd Shacklock represented the Boar of Missions, Foreign Division, while Maj Robert Spencer spoke of the life of li mother. After cremation, the remains wi be interred beside those of Dr. Spencer, i the same plot with Dr. and Mrs. Julius Sope in Glendale, Cal.

Rev. Asmond Leonard Maxwell, Jr., wh has just arrived in Boston from North Ca olina and will enter Boston University Scho of Theology in January, has been appointe supply pastor at Raymond and East Candi in the New Hampshire Conference.

Ensign Charles Whitney Pedersen, son o Rev. and Mrs. Charles E. Pedersen of We Medford, received his commission in th United States Naval Reserve on Septembe '16. Monday, November 30, he left for hi assignment at Little Creek, Va. Ensig Pedersen attended Wilbraham Academy graduated from Springfield College in 193 and has continued studies at Boston Univer sity and Harvard.

Rev. Charles L. Kinney, pastor of Beaco Street Methodist Church, Bath, Main entered the Maine General Hospital, Port land, on Monday, November 23, and under went a minor surgical operation the follow ing day. A week later he was reported a rapidly recovering and expecting to retur home in a few days.

Edward W. Hearne of Melrose has gon South with the expectation of spendin most of the winter in Florida. As a membe of the Army and Navy Department commit tee of the National Council of the Youn Men's Christian Association, he will cooper ate as opportunity arises in connection wit the work for service men. He plans to mak St. Petersburg his headquarters.

Dr. G. Baez Camargo, a distinguishe member of the Methodist Church of Mexic spent two days in Boston last week as member of a party of ten Latin America journalists who are making a nation-wid tour in the United States and Canada at th invitation of the National Press Club i Washington. There were seven Mexicans i the group and three Bolivians. Dr. Camarg is educational and social writer for *Excelsio* a Mexico City newspaper. He also heads th united evangelical publication house in Mex ico City and is secretary of the Nation Christian Council.

Retiring at the recent session of the Nort Texas Conference Rev. S. H. C. Burgi ended an active ministry of forty-five yea which included service not only in the pa torate but also in the district superintendenc A native of Missouri, Dr. Burgin has spe almost his entire ministerial career in th Southwest. He has headed the Dallas, Sa Antonio, and McKinney districts in Tex and the Jacksonville District in Florida. 1920 he was called to Louisville, Ky., t serve as general secretary of the Board c Church Extension of the former Methodi Episcopal Church, South, but after two yea in that position declined reelection.

Word comes of the death in Petalum Cal., November 21, of V. Evelyn (Baugh Krause, widow of Oliver J. Krause, and retired missionary of the Methodist Churc in China. Mrs. Krause was born in Indi the daughter of a Wesleyan missionary i that country. Graduating from the Unive

sity of California in 1903, she was appointed in 1907 to the Gamewell School in Peking by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the former Methodist Episcopal Church. In 1921 she was married in Peking to Mr. Krause, who had been a business and financial executive for several Methodist institutions in China since 1903. After her marriage she continued her teaching, and in 1929 she was appointed to the principalship of the Peking Lower Primary Schools. Mr. and Mrs. Krause returned to this country on furlough in April, 1940. Mr. Krause died in December of that year, and Mrs. Krause retired from active service in 1941.

Dr. Worth M. Tippy, after a year in Washington, D. C., during which time he reorganized the Washington Federation of Churches, is now in Kansas City, Mo., to do a similar piece of work.

Dr. Edwin W. Dunlavy, former president of the Iliff School of Theology, Denver, Col., will have the sympathy of a wide circle of friends in the death of his wife, Edna Augustine Dunlavy, which occurred recently at their home in New Carlisle, Ind. Mrs. Dunlavy, who like her husband came of pioneer American stock, was a woman of fine ability and had been active in parish work, although refusing office. She made her home an open house to friends, and during her husband's presidency at Iliff was especially hospitable to foreign students. The Dunlavys held important pastorates, beginning at Crawfordsville (Trinity) and continuing in order at Danville, Terre Haute (First), La Fayette (Trinity), and Frankfort (First), all in Indiana, and, after their years at Iliff, in Indianapolis (Roberts Park), Ind., Chicago (Woodlawn Park) and Freeport (First), Ill. Dr. Worth M. Tippy, a lifelong friend, came from Washington for the funeral. Services were held in the church at New Carlisle and on the following day at Trinity Church, La Fayette. Interment was at Springvale Cemetery, La Fayette. Dr. Dunlavy is rendering voluntary service to the rural churches at Maple Grove and Hamilton, near New Carlisle, and is doing research and writing on early northern Indiana religious history.

News of the sudden death of Rev. Bruce S. Wright of Erie, Pa., a preacher and writer well known throughout Methodism, has just reached the HERALD office. Dr. and Mrs. Wright had gone to visit their son, Robert B. Wright, in Silver Springs, Md., the day after Thanksgiving. Dr. Wright was scheduled to preach at Foundry Methodist Church, Washington, D. C., on Sunday, November 29. Stricken with a heart attack at the breakfast table, he was hurried to a hospital near by and rallied for a time, but suffered a second attack in the afternoon and died in the early evening. Dr. Wright graduated from Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa., in 1905 and was a member of the board of trustees of that institution at the time of his death. Dr. Wright's ministry was entirely within the Methodist Church and covered a period of thirty-nine years. During this time he served the following churches: Fredonia, N. Y.; Simpson, Erie, Pa.; American Church, Manila, P. I.; Trinity, Albany, N. Y.; Asbury Delaware, Buffalo, N. Y.; Stone Church, Meadville, Pa.; and First Church, Erie, Pa., where he was in the midst of the sixth year of a very successful pastorate. Besides his wife and son, he leaves two daughters—Harriet (Wright) Preston of Halifax, N. S., and Elizabeth (Wright) Himebaugh of Altoona, Pa. Funeral services were held in First Church, Erie, on Tuesday, December 1. The district superintendent, Dr. E. Roy Myers, read the Methodist service for the burial of the dead, and Bishop James H. Straughn, resident bishop of the Pittsburgh Area, gave the eulogy. Interment was in Kane, Pa., where the Wrights had their summer home, "Wright-Wood." It was Dr. Wright who contributed to ZIONS HERALD some five years ago an arresting article entitled "The Valley of a Thousand Yesterdays," in which he described from personal experience, following a previous heart attack, the feelings of a man brought face to face with death.

A Revelation

Readers of ZIONS HERALD should study with the utmost care the article "The Church in Latin America," which appears on page 1177. Written by a Roman Catholic, the discussion is a revelation of the state of decay of Roman Catholicism in South America. Just now there seems to be a revival of interest in the Latin American field among Roman Catholics in the United States. Missionary priests and teachers are being sent in increasing numbers to this field, and the propaganda agencies of the church seem to be working overtime to discount the magnificent achievements of Protestants in these South American countries. It would be nothing less than a calamity if Latin America were to "go Fascist" by way of Roman Catholicism, which is and always has been an authoritarian religion opposed in its very essence to free Christianity and the democratic way of life.

His WAVE Is a Whitecap

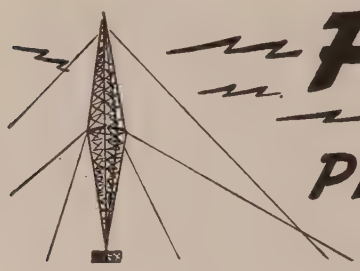
Dr. James R. Joy of New York City with his daughter, Lieutenant Gertrude Joy Laurence of the WAVES. Dr. Joy, who retired in 1936 as editor of *The Christian Advocate,* New York, after twenty-one years of service, preceded by eleven years as assistant editor, is now historian and librarian of the Methodist Historical Society of New York. For many years he has been secretary of the class of 1885, Yale University. Lieutenant Laurence, a graduate of Wellesley College, holds next to the highest rank assigned by the Navy to a woman. Her headquarters are in Washington. She is a niece of Bishop and Mrs. Herbert Welch of New York City. Dr. Joy, bantering his officer-daughter, remarked that his WAVE seemed to be a "whitecap." Referring to the fence in the picture, he asked, "Are you on picket duty?"

Ipswich Methodism's 120th year will culminate on Sunday, December 20, when a completely transformed house of worship will be rededicated to the proclaiming of the gospel. Bishop Francis J. McConnell of New York City, who was pastor of the church in 1899-1901, will be the preacher for the occasion and will lead in the rededication service, which will take place at three o'clock in the afternoon. The renovating and redecorating have been done as a memorial to Marion Edna Morton, the beloved wife of Dudley Seymour Ingraham. Mrs. Ingraham was a girl in the Ipswich parish when Bishop McConnell was pastor, and frequently took care of the McConnell children. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph T. Morton, loyal Methodists and still today members of the Ipswich church. Rev. Daniel A. Thurston is the present pastor of the church.

An altar cross presented to the Oak Square Methodist Church, Brighton, in memory of Robert F. Naismith by his wife was dedicated at the morning service on Sunday, November 29, the people joining with the pastor, Rev. John B. Olds, in a responsive ritual. The flowers on the altar also were given by Mrs. Naismith in tribute to the memory of her husband and the officers and men who were lost with him in the sinking of the S. S. "San Blas" in the Gulf of Mexico on June 16, 1942. Mr. Naismith was first assistant engineer of the ship. Mrs. Naismith is president of the Woman's Society of Christian Service of the Oak Square Church.

Universal Bible Sunday, December 13, will be observed on the radio more widely than ever this year. Prominent among the nationwide programs announced is the special message to be given over the Columbia Broadcasting System at 9.45 a. m., Eastern War Time, by Rev. Albert E. Day, pastor of the First Methodist Church of Pasadena, Cal., speaking under the auspices of the American Bible Society. In Massachusetts, December 6-13 is Bible Week by proclamation of Governor Leverett Saltonstall.

First Methodist Church, Medford, has recently learned that it is the beneficiary of a bequest of $1000 left to the New England Conference trustees by Martha Merrill Chadbourne, widow of Rev. George S. Chadbourne. The income only is to be paid to the church and is to go toward the current expenses.



FLASHES FROM THE PRESS OF THE WORLD

The Rule of the Unruly

[*The Watchman-Examiner,* New York City]

A distressing deterioration marks our social life. This is not the result of the war. True, the turmoil of turning this peace-loving nation into a military Juggernaut has accentuated the deterioration. But ever since the last war, the unruly seem to have had pretty much their own way. They had it in the prohibition era. The unruly were encouraged to break laws and to treat idealists as if they were crazy. This was part of repeal propaganda in paid newspaper advertisements and articles, statements from people with well-known names, and other brewer-inspired agitation. Repeal won by default of good people who were unwilling to fight for their "noble experiment." From that point, our social deterioration has tobogganed into increasing moral confusion.

The unruly take increasing possession. Recently, we rode on the "Rockette," advertised by the Rock Island Railroad as a crack train running between Kansas City and Minneapolis. From one end of the train to the other, throughout the trip, it was under the rule of the unruly. The car we were in had a bar in the center. Drunks by the dozen paraded back and forth. There was not one spot on the train where one could escape drunkenness and clouds of tobacco smoke. Delicate little children had to sit for hours in this filth and confusion. Gambling was openly practised. No attempt at order or decency was made. This illustration is symptomatic of the situation in many parts of the country.

Conditions like these are true of many hotels. In fact, they are perhaps worse. Why so many hotels cater to the kind of people who smash up things and turn ballrooms into bedlam and burn holes in carpets and bedding is hard to understand, except that managements take the rule of the unruly as a matter of course. Not only in travel do the unruly dominate, but in neighborhood centers also. It is now the fashion, apparently, to allow the unruly to do just as they wish, without imposing restraints. All this leads to social deterioration. With so many decent people putting tolerance first and manifesting little disposition to stop the folly, what will it lead to?

The Sad Funeral

[*Religious Telescope,* Dayton, Ohio]

Was it a sad funeral? The question was asked by the lady of the parsonage as her husband returned from a funeral service. The thought in the question quite naturally was centered upon the local circumstances—the number of real "mourners," the tears that were shed, and other demonstrations of their sorrow. Funerals are associated with sadness, and many who attend do so out of sympathy with the bereaved and with the thought of sharing their burden. There is something sweet and tender about entering into the sorrows of those who weep at a time like that, and sadness, whether or not it is expressed in a copious flow of tears, is in order. But the saddest funeral is not the one at which most tears are shed. It is rather the one at which there is no sadness—paradoxical as that may seem. It is pathetic indeed if one passes from the scenes of earth with no one to care. Sometimes this occurs because one has lingered beyond his own generation, and the group at his funeral is made up of those outside the circle in which he has lived. Such a scene is sad enough for any thoughtful person to contemplate, but there is a sweet compensation in such sadness. The more tragical situation is the case in which the funeral affords no occasion for regret, when death meant nothing more than the end of a blank line, when there is no comfort to be dispensed because there is no one who needs it. That is the saddest funeral, for the sadness is occasioned not by death but by the life that missed its privileges and left nothing to commend it. There are occasions when it is a sad thing not to be sad.

WHAMS

[*The Carillon,* Trinity Methodist Church, Springfield, Mass.]

I don't know of anyone who is making a more priceless contribution to the war effort than the woman who doesn't work in a factory and who isn't in the army or navy, but who stays home, because there won't be any homes if women don't make them, and when homes are gone—good-by morale.

You take the woman who is providing the right kind of home in which to bring up one or more children; she's doing something pretty special. For those children will have to be double-extra well brought up in order to take care of the job they have ahead of them when the last gun is fired and they start establishing all that we've been fighting for. We can lose this war then as well as now, and her job is just as desperately direct as making munitions in a factory or pushing a twpewriter in an army office or filing cards in a navy station.

So I hereby nominate the setting up of another corps for women, and suggest that its members be called the WHAMS—the Women Homemakers Army Mobilization.

A Congressional committee should be appointed at once to design the uniform—to be paid for by the Government, of course—and Pierre of Paris should be drafted to create the most glamourous yet. This, by all odds, is the first and most vital task.

Then the WHAMS should have commissions, and in a super-essential matter like this let's go up to the generalships, with their regular army rates of pay—to be paid for by the Government, of course.

And above all they must have publicity. This time it must be not just almost everything else, but actually everything else should be sidetracked from newspapers and magazines and nothing appear except photos of the WHAMS—rocking cradles in their natty uniforms, scrubbing kitchens in their special fatigue outfits, darning socks while featuring their nifty military bonnets, and many, many close-ups of charming Major General Gertrude herself.

If this sounds fantastic, think it over seriously. I think it makes good sense. Did you know that juvenile delinquency is up exactly twenty-six per cent over last year?

The Positive Use of Freedom

[*The Churchman,* New York City]

The Pilgrims separated from the Church of England—hence the name, Separatists, by which they were first known—not because they did not want to worship God, but because they did not want to worship Him in the Church of England's way. James I forbade them to worship in the first church which they built; the right to freedom of conscience was later denied them, even in their homes. Seeking still a positive use of freedom, they forsook England and set out, in successive stages, for America.

It is this *positive* use of freedom, this deep desire in the soul to use freedom for some constructive purpose, that too many Americans neglect today. But people who truly believe in freedom know that there is one choice which they have voluntarily denied to themselves. It is the choice of neglecting freedom and its constructive use.

Our forefathers knew this. The Pilgrims knew it. They built churches for the use of men who were free, in America, to worship. They built schools for men who were free to learn. They adopted the Constitution,—its purpose was to guarantee the rights of free men to use their freedom,—and established a government as the instrument of the people's will to protect and perfect the freedom which had been so dearly won. All of this was freedom in action—positive action—freedom for a good purpose.

Totalitarian systems of government haven't a chance of success against freedom like that. They have every chance of success against the false kind of freedom which is regarded only as an excuse for shirking responsibility, neglecting justice, living for personally selfish ends.

In America today the slave society of totalitarianism is bidding for support against the free society of our forefathers. Christians, whose forebears sought freedom in America, can now render an immeasurable service to their fellow countrymen by setting an example in the positive use of it. Freedom of speech, of press, of assembly, of worship must be used positively—used to enlighten the mind, to initiate reform, to plead for the persecuted and oppressed. There isn't much about this way of living which is easy—but it is Christian.

BOOKS

Our Good Neighbors

The Latin American Circuit. By Eliza-eth M. Lee and Alfred W. Wasson. *Latin merica, U. S. A.* By Elmer T. Clark and arry C. Spencer. Joint Division of Educa-on and Cultivation, Board of Missions and hurch Extension, The Methodist Church: ew York. Price, 25 cents for the two.

Rim of the Caribbean. By Carol McAfee organ. Friendship Press: New York. Price, oth, $1; paper, 50 cents.

The Traded Twins. By Robert N. Mc-ean. Friendship Press: New York. Price, oth, $1; paper, 50 cents.

Pedro Opens the Gate. By Alfred Dixon leininger. Friendship Press: New York. rice, paper, 50 cents.

The Cuban Church in a Sugar Economy. y J. Merle Davis. International Missionary ouncil: New York. Price, paper, 75 cents.

Missionary Education in Your Church. By levin C. Harner and David D. Baker. riendship Press: New York. Price, cloth, 1; paper, 75 cents.

It is especially significant at this time, nder present world conditions, that Meth-dist study groups are centering their atten-on upon Latin America. The first two exts mentioned above contain essential aterials for such classes. "The Latin Amer-an Circuit" consists of ten countries, reach-ng from Mexico and Cuba as far south as rgentina and Chile. Miss Lee and Dr. Vasson, secretaries for work in Latin Amer-a, Board of Missions, spent seven months visiting places in Latin America where he Methodist Church has work, and this oint report is an interesting and informing ccount of their trip, giving an honest ap-raisal by two sympathetic yet critical admin-strators. The second volume, "Latin Amer-a, U. S. A.," presents the work of The Methodist Church in Puerto Rico and the Dominican Republic and among the Mex-cans in the Southwest and the Cubans in lorida. It briefly but comprehensively gives istorical backgrounds and present-day con-litions and evaluations, with some sugges-ions of future needs.

The Friendship Press has done a partic-larly fine piece of work in the publication f "Rim of the Caribbean" and "The Traded Twins," attractive volumes for young people nd covering the same general field of study. Both authors are long-time missionaries and rite out of rich experience. They have the appy faculty of making delightful stories ear rich loads of information concerning he various countries and peoples among hom our missionary institutions have been stablished. "The Traded Twins" is better han a trip to Mexico, and Mrs. Morgan as given us a thoroughly factual and fas-inating description of life around the Caribbean. These two books will beautifully upplement the textbooks mentioned above, ealing as they do in story form with the ame lands and peoples.

"Pedro Opens the Gate," a little book of 07 pages, is a course on Mexico for junior high school groups. It is for use with "The Traded Twins" and was prepared by a minister in El Paso, Tex., who has many first-hand opportunities for contacts with the Mexican people. This is Mr. Heininger's fourth world friendship course. He aims to open gates to "Understanding," "Friendship," and "Cooperation" between the young people of Mexico and the United States.

"The Cuban Church in a Sugar Economy" is a study of the economic and social basis of the evangelical church in the "Pearl of the Antilles" where sugar is king and gives the people employment for less than half of the year. The survey made by J. Merle Davis, director of the Department of Social and Economic Research and Counsel of the International Missionary Council, was carried out under the auspices of the Cuba Council of Evangelical Churches. Questionnaires sent to two hundred pastors of six denominational groups greatly assisted the leaders in discovering ways and means by which the church might become more thoroughly domiciled in Cuban economy and in the life of the Cuban people. It is hoped that the hundreds of churches and chapels dotted over the island may be not only centers of spiritual power but sources of economic and social redemption through which Christ's claim of a "more abundant life" may be realized. This book is of engrossing interest, and should reach beyond the ordinary circle of mission study.

These books dealing with our neighbors to the south should find a wide reading this year when on account of the war we are driven to closer intercourse, when our war defense program is spending astronomical sums of money in many of these islands and countries and revamping the life of the people, and when all democracies are looking forward to a new day and a new order after the war. And to get the most out of these studies and opportunities, "Missionary Education in Your Church" comes like a special messenger to point the way in every local American church. Crammed with instruction and practical suggestions, this book in the hands of any pastor or missionary-minded leader cannot but make missionary education live. With such inspiring helps, this should be a wonderful year in American missionary activity.

Outlook Pamphlets on Latin America: "Outlook in the West Indies," by Edward A. Odell. "Outlook in Mexico," by Alberto Rembao. "Outlook in Brazil," by Eula Kennedy Long. "Outlook in the River Plate Region," by Hugh C. Stuntz. "Outlook in the Western Republics," by Jay C. Field. Friendship Press: New York. Price, paper, 25 cents each; entire series, $1.25.

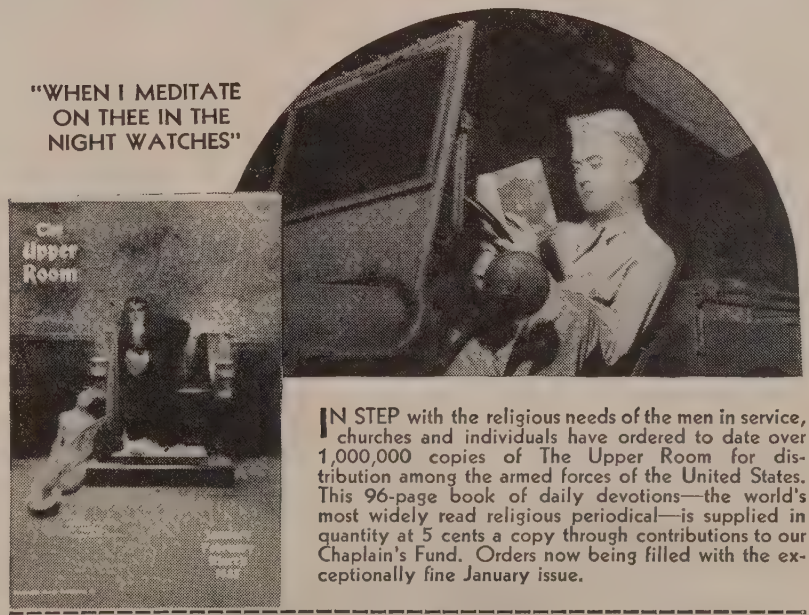
Tales from Latin America. By Frank S. Mead. Friendship Press: New York. Price, paper, 50 cents.

Focus on Latin America. By Dorothy F. McConnell. Friendship Press: New York. Price, paper, 25 cents.

The Spanish-American Song and Game Book. Illustrated. Compiled by Workers of the Writers' Program, Music Program, and Art Program of the Work Projects Administration in the State of New Mexico. Sponsored by the University of New Mexico and State Superintendent of Public Instruction of New Mexico. A. S. Barnes and Company: New York. Price, $2.

Discussion and Program Suggestions for Young People on Latin America. By Don-

"WHEN I MEDITATE ON THEE IN THE NIGHT WATCHES"



IN STEP with the religious needs of the men in service, churches and individuals have ordered to date over 1,000,000 copies of The Upper Room for distribution among the armed forces of the United States. This 96-page book of daily devotions—the world's most widely read religious periodical—is supplied in quantity at 5 cents a copy through contributions to our Chaplain's Fund. Orders now being filled with the exceptionally fine January issue.

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ald R. Gorham. Friendship Press: New York. Price, paper, 25 cents.

Discussion and Program Suggestions for Adults on Latin America. By Wesley M. Carr and Margaret W. Taylor. Friendship Press: New York. Price, paper, 25 cents.

Missionary Worship Programs. By Alice Geer Kelsey. Friendship Press: New York. Price, paper, 25 cents.

Rich and abundant material is offered in the foregoing list of publications, particularly by the Friendship Press, for this year's missionary study courses, for both young people and adults.

The "Outlook" pamphlets are supplementary reading to the basic volume by Dr. W. Stanley Rycroft entitled "On This Foundation: The Evangelical Witness in Latin America." Each little book is by an authority—native-born or a long-time resident—in his own field. They vary from sixty to eighty pages in length, and are crammed with valuable, interesting, and up-to-date information, including striking maps, charts, and pictures, concerning Puerto Rico and the twenty republics to the south of us. To see these booklets is to devour them.

Mead's "Tales from Latin America" is a collection of human-interest stories from all parts of Latin America, true tales of Christian cooperation, showing how similar in many respects the people of South America are to us and how the Christians down there have struggled for and won that better life of which the Master spoke. The book is copiously illustrated with photographs. But Miss McConnell has made a specialty of pictures in her "Focus on Latin America," with fifty fine pictures showing the high lights and shadows and contrasts of many phases of the varied life there and the recent achievements of Christian missions. Her word-pictures are none the less vivid, portraying the people themselves, their history and pioneer Christians, their music and art, their schools, social welfare and medical advancement, their new agriculture and world markets, crowning the whole with "The Evangelical Witness."

"The Spanish-American Song and Game Book" is a collection of songs and games that are actually a part of the folklore of America, and affords an opportunity for all American boys and girls to become acquainted with them.

The "Discussion and Program Suggestions" should be in the hands of every leader. They are filled with valuable hints, references, and supplemental information. And the "Worship Programs" would save many a missionary meeting from formal lassitude. Hymn, Scripture, and prayer suggestions with a timely story for the hour are wisely chosen.

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The Methodist Publishing House

About the Bible

The Bible and Its Books. By Charles G. Sewall. Abingdon-Cokesbury Press: New York, Nashville. Price, paper, 60 cents.

The Gospel Today. By Chester Warren Quimby. Abingdon-Cokesbury Press: New York, Nashville. Price, paper, 35 cents.

The Bible Speaks. By Edwin T. Randall. The Friend Publishing Company: Minneapolis, Minn. Price, paper, 25 cents.

The Bible is the perennial "best seller," and of books about the Good Book there is a constant supply. These three little books cover the same general field in an unusually similar manner. The first two are published under the editorial supervision of Lucius H. Bugbee and C. A. Bowen of the Editorial Division of the Board of Education, and are commendable texts for youth and adult classes.

The Bible will have new meaning to those who read Mr. Sewall's lectures, which were originally delivered before the Inter-Church School of Religion, Tryon, N. C. The Bible is presented not as a book but as a library, yes, two libraries—the Old Testament, written by men who earnestly sought to know God, and the New Testament, by men who loved the Living Christ. These libraries contain many forms of literature—poetry, philosophy, history, biography, sermons, letters, political argument, fiction, and apocalyptic writings. The prophets are political spokesmen for God. Job is a great philosophical poem. Ruth and Esther and Jonah are short stories. The author throws an illuminating background behind every book which makes it stand out with new significance. In this little book is the gist of weighty tomes of Scriptural lore clearly and simply presented so as to make it both profitable and delightful reading.

Chester Warren Quimby in "The Gospel Today" treats the "gospel" as a sort of plan of salvation, the Biblical story of redemption, beginning with man's sinful nature as figuratively pictured in the Garden of Eden where man stands under the seal of doom, moving through the Messianic message up to the gospel presentation of Christ the Redeemer, and reaching forth to the personal experience of fellowship with the Living Lord. The book will appeal particularly to people of a theological bent. The word "Today" in the title is somewhat misleading, although the author now and again attempts to justify its use.

"The Bible Speaks" is a unique approach to the study of the Scriptures intended for religious amateurs as a simple guide for the understanding of the Good Book. The author insists on letting the Bible tell its own story, answer its own questions, meet its own difficulties. Its style is fresh, frank, snappy, arresting. Much of our confusion in religion grows out of our erroneous views of the Bible, and if this little booklet should be thoroughly taught in our church schools, the next generation would walk in a new light. The method is novel and forthright, but the conclusions are sincere, wholesome, and scholarly.

For Church School Teachers

Peloubet's Select Notes for 1943. By Wilbur M. Smith, D. D. W. A. Wilde Company: Boston. Price, $2.

This is the sixty-ninth annual volume of this commentary on the International Sunday School Lessons, which is so well known that appraisal seems unnecessary. Founded by Dr. Francis N. Peloubet, continued by Dr. Amos R. Wells, and now edited by Dr. Wilbur M. Smith, it still bears the founder's name and perpetuates his conservative Biblical interpretation and evangelistic fervor. In addition to the explanation of the lessons, it provides suggestions to teachers of the different age groups, bibliographies, and maps. It contains 437 pages.

A Unique Book

The Lord's Prayer. By Igor I. Sikorsky. Charles Scribner's Sons: New York. Price, $1.25.

A religious book by a recognized scientist possesses today a claim all its own. Thus this little volume has as its first right to recognition the fact that its author, Igor I. Sikorsky, is one of the world's foremost airplane designers. It might be added that he is a Russian by birth, an American by adoption, and a member of the Russian Orthodox Church. The second right of this book to our attention rests on its own intrinsic merit. Mr. Sikorsky is a reasonable mystic. He believes that the less than seventy words of the Lord's Prayer are so simple that a child can understand them. But he is also convinced that in these brief petitions one can discover "all that a human being should ask from his Creator." Moreover, they shed "light on several fundamental questions as to the meaning of our life, as well as our relation to God and the universe." "The Lord's Prayer" by Igor I. Sikorsky is one of those unique books which neither layman nor minister can afford to miss.

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Church in Occupied China

Robert T. Henry

[Dr. Henry has been a Methodist (formerly Church South) in China since 1919. In 1941 he was loaned to the Church Committee for China Relief, one of the approved agencies assisted by the Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief to administer relief work in China. He was caught by the Japanese invasion in Hongkong, and recently returned to this country on the "Gripsholm" with other missionaries.]

When aggression first struck in China, the churches were not wholly prepared to meet the shocks of war. But as they faced intolerable conditions and indescribable suffering they found resources that made them superior to the accidents of war and the pangs of hunger. Thus it was that the Christian groups came to have a new place of respect and leadership in the refugee centers and even more influence when they returned to their homes. There they discovered that the gentry and, in many instances, the missionaries were not available to help the hungry and the homeless. Through their help of the unfortunates, the Christians across the whole of Occupied China served themselves into the hearts of the people. They not only fed the hungry, they ministered to the spirits of men.

A new leadership was discovered, and it has been resourceful in meeting the demands of increasing difficulties. When schools moved, the choirs also went. But as the churches began to gather again in their places of worship, fresh voices were discovered, and the entire church became a singing church. Some of us were criticized because we dared to work with the Chinese in the occupied areas. We had but to remember that our Christ was born in an occupied area and that His cause was launched under the very heel of Rome. Human needs called, and we were impelled to go and cast in our lot with those who suffered.

The church in the occupied areas has been the one arm of the Christian program that has persisted in spite of aggression. The schools and many of the hospitals had to suspend. But the churches again became the center from which truth was taught and food for the hungry and medicine for the sick were made available. Church membership took on fresh significance. Not only was it a fellowship of suffering, it became a brotherhood of service. In this very giving it spoke its most effective message. For it was the word become flesh.

Furthermore, the church bolstered the morale of the people and gave them staying power. Thus it was playing an important role in preserving the Chinese in Occupied China for the China of tomorrow. Along with this role came new life to the church, for many young people applied for membership.

Work with farmers and coolies has been discouraging at times. Yet these humble folk have demonstrated on many occasions the spirit of love and devotion that heralds the hope for a better day. In one of the cities that had been under siege for more than a week before it was forced to surrender, back there in 1937, was one of those coolie members of the church. His wife was an invalid, and he could not move her, nor would he leave her. When the conqueror swept into the town with orders to kill every Chinese man, this man did not know what to do. As his door was smashed open he picked up his Bible and placing it under his arm started pacing to and fro in front of his wife's bed, repeating as he paced, "Mine, Mine." The soldier was a Christian, and he put aside his gun at the sight of a coolie with his Bible under his arm. Said the soldier, "Do not worry. You stay hidden, I will bring you food." Those men were one in a brotherhood that could bridge the barrier of nationalism and the hatred of war.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE IN YOUR CHURCH PAPER

With Our Writers

Wheaton P. Webb, Worcester, N. Y.; pastor of First Methodist Church.

Genevieve L. Hutchinson, Longmeadow; an occasional contributor of both verse and prose to the columns of the HERALD.

Lester L. Roush, Columbus, Ohio; executive secretary of the Board of Conference Claimants, Ohio Conference.

Marie Widmer, New York City; writer of articles relating to Switzerland and its people.

Edward L. Peet, Hartford, Conn.; pastor of North Methodist Church.

Leonard Ives, Fort Meade, Md.; chaplain in the U. S. Army; member of the Northern New York Conference of The Methodist Church.

G. Hampton McGaw, Woodsville, N. H.; headmaster of Woodsville High School, 1918-41; now a teacher in that school.

Grasmere Centenary

The Methodist Church at Grasmere, N. H., has just completed one hundred years of organized life and service in that community. In observance of this centenary occasion, extensive repairs and improvements have been made upon the building, which was erected sixty-four years ago, the first building having been destroyed by fire.

With two coats of paint and some minor repairs on the exterior, the church recovered its self-respect before the public. The interior of both chapel and sanctuary received even more attention. The floors and walls of the chapel were repaired and repainted, a new celotex ceiling was installed, Venetian blinds were placed at the windows, and a new circulating heater was set up in place of the former inadequate one. In the sanctuary a new tessellated ceiling, on firm structure, lowered to the level of the purline plates, took the place of the truncated gable, thereby considerably reducing the overhead space. The four walls and the vestibule were repaired from some damage caused by the well-remembered hurricane, and then repainted and redecorated with an eighteen-inch stippled dado above the wainscot, and arch behind the pulpit. The floors and pews were burnished and waxed, and the drapes of the choir loft made new. Two flags, an American and a Christian, were presented by the Youth Fellowship, for the platform.

The total expense of these improvements, not counting a considerable amount of volunteer labor, was $985, which is all paid through current contributions and former gifts to the church.

The Centenary Service was held Sunday afternoon, November 29, when Rev. H. Daniel Hawver, district superintendent, preached to a large congregation on the subject "Other Foundation Can No Man Lay." An historical review was prepared and given by Mrs. Lena Lee Ploss. Earle Westgate, president of the board of trustees, made a statement to the congregation of items and cost of improvements. Rev. Edward A. Durham is pastor.

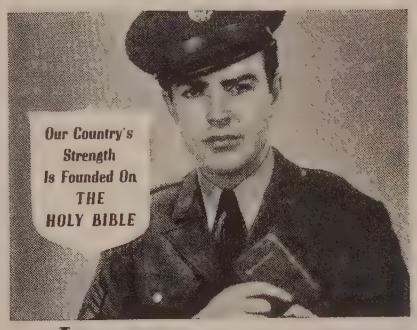
Recently Appointed Chaplains

(Reported by the Methodist Commission on Chaplains, 100 Maryland Avenue, N. E., Washington, D. C.)

UNITED STATES NAVAL RESERVE

Albert James Clements, Bloomfield, Iowa.
Oral Victor Hitchcock, Dunedin, Fla.
John Hill Markley, Fresno, Cal.
Olin Edgar Parrett, Lawrence, Ind.
Robert Grey Reis, Eureka, Cal.
William Compton Riley, Somerville, Tex.
Fred Harris Shinn, Waxhaw, N. C.
Merritt Hugh Webb, Metuchen, N. J.

"The ROCK of OUR REPUBLIC"



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**President Andrew Jackson*

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Mr. Editor

(Continued from page 1174)

nurses, and donors without anyone's ever thinking about the differences. The rich and those in high positions came along with the poor and the lowly. Everybody seemed eager and friendly. Everything went smoothly and efficiently. Science and religion joined hands. I seemed to see all the peoples of the world as *one*. I found my imagination running out to the wounded on the battlefields and in the military hospitals, their lives saved by this blood plasma. And again no account of race, color, creed, or rank. God hath made of one blood all peoples that dwell on the face of the earth. As one donor said to me in the church, "this is just another sacramental service of holy communion." E. A. MILLER,
Pastor Central Methodist Church.
Lawrence.

That Surgical Analogy

Bishop Flint always says something when he speaks or writes. His article in the November 11 issue of ZIONS HERALD is no exception. Its spirit of tolerance commands respect. This is not to answer him but to make a suggestion regarding the surgical analogy which keeps constantly cropping up.

The essence of an analogy is that it carries through on not only one point but all concerned. So far as the excision of the destroying organ is concerned, the analogy holds, the Allied Nations being the operating physician. But what would we think of a physician who made one such operation and then treated his patient so as to bring on a return of the disease and a repetition of the operation? This has happened once already. The great thing which should concern us now is whether it shall happen again. If it should, then let us quit talking about the surgeon, for it would be a disgrace to a noble profession which is a unit in its opposition to malpractise.

Let us pray that wisdom may guide postwar policies to eliminate repetition of previous tragic errors. To this end the church of Christ must present clear-cut goals and methods of reaching them. The coming Conference on Christian Bases of World Order represents a worthy shouldering of that responsibility by Methodism.
WILLIAM K. ANDERSON,
Educational Director Commission on Courses of Study.
Nashville, Tenn.

Prepared to Die

He was in the next room, and I could hear him talking every day. The first day they would let me sit up and walk a bit, I went in to call on him.

He had retired only a few months before as a farmer, and his home was in Phelps, N. Y., known to fame both as Sauerkraut kingdom and as the home of "The Country Lawyer." This man had known all the characters in the story, and his reminiscences were very interesting. That's not his own story.

He was to have a very serious operation the next morning, and the head surgeon had told him his chances were 50-60. He had had two blood transfusions, so you see he was not very strong.

If I were the pastor of his church I should feel very proud to have such a man a member of my church. He is a Presbyterian, and he made a Methodist a little bit ashamed of his personal faith.

In spite of the 50-60 chance, he was not worried the least. Whichever way it went was all right with him, for the Lord knew best and that was enough for him. He had his Testament with him, and the first nine verses of John were a great comfort to him.

As long as I live I shall not forget the half-hour I spent with Mr. William Hammond, and I think I shall be a better man for having known him for even so short a time. Such men preach sermons without a pulpit. Would there were more of them! Is your life and is mine a constant shining light? H. G. MANCHESTER,
Winsted, Conn.

"Much to the Point"

Howard Kester's letter November 18 on the rural church and your editorial are much to the point. I have been feeling for years that we Methodists are neglecting the rural challenge. Our leaders have been too busy with what they call denominational interests to learn much about the rural church.

I note what you both say about theological seminaries. I will say that I found two seminaries doing very well in training their men for the rural field in 1923, but I have not found district and Conference programs on the field very helpful. There is where we could do much more. I have been to two national gatherings on the rural church, and my observation is that our Southern churches are away ahead of us in the North in such programs. New England Methodism has an urban point of view, decidedly.

I am enclosing the rural program of our Methodist Church, which is as much a part of the Methodist program as our World Service, or it ought to be. From this program our Conference and district leaders should draw up aims and projects that will draw our churches and our rural people together. We have excellent rural-life programs emanating from our Government in its Extension Service, but the interest that Methodist ministers show is very meager.

I have advocated the development of the groups in our district with a rural program in which city and country share. Also the Conference Commission on Town and Country Work should be developed.
B. F. WENTWORTH,
Pastor Methodist Church.
Wilton, Me.

Omission

In the HERALD's account of Dr. Walter R. Davenport's funeral it was not stated that Rev. Ernest W. Sturtevant also assisted. If not too late, I wish this might be recognized, as Mr. Sturtevant was a highly valued friend of Dr. Davenport, and the prayer that he offered at the funeral was surely the high point of the service.
ARTHUR W. HEWITT,
Pastor Methodist Church.
Northfield, Vt.

Pacifism and Perfect Love

Congratulations on the strong, clear editorials you write concerning the current situation. The one on "The Return to Theology" was a trumpet note much needed after so many years of soft-pedaling preaching on the great doctrines. Your "Comprehensive Conscience" was a body-blow at the sentimental thinking so dominant in Methodist circles and which has seeped like a poison into the minds of so many of our preachers. Personally, I think that pacifism is a perversion of the doctrine of Perfect Love, much on the same order as our Second Blessing people perverted it, and lost balance, about a generation ago.
WILLIAM C. S. PELLOWE,
Superintendent Saginaw Bay District, Detroit Conference.
Saginaw, Mich.

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Nobleman of the Kingdom

The unexpected death of Rev. Harvey H. nklin, for twelve years pastor of Grace thodist Church in Westerly, R. I., leaves vacancy in the ranks of the New England uthern Conference that will be hard to . As announced in a previous issue of Herald, Mr. Conklin died on Thursday rning, November 19, at the Westerly spital, where he had undergone an operon two days previously. He had attended regular services of Grace Church on Suny and was in high spirits over the comtion of a project of renovating and redecating the church vestry. He spent Monday the parish among his people before going o the hospital late that afternoon. It was aracteristic of Harvey Conklin that he ed this new experience of life with sueme confidence in the skill of the physins, and absolute trust in the will and wer of God. However, his physical con-

The Late Rev. H. H. Conklin

ition was such that his heart was not able stand the severe strain caused by the peration.

Harvey Hinton Conklin was born in New ork City on January 26, 1885. He was maried to Etta Barney, February 1, 1906. Their arly married life was spent in Warren, . I., where Mr. Conklin was employed by e Street Railway Company. It was during e Chapman evangelistic meetings in Provdence in 1908 that he made the decision hat led him into the ministry of the Methdist Church. The quarterly conference of he Warren church granted him a local reacher's license in 1909. The next few ears were spent in preparation for his hosen life work. He attended Ohio Northrn and Ohio Wesleyan universities, graduatng from the latter institution. A few years vere spent in the Detroit Conference, where e was received on trial in 1911. Transferring to the West Ohio Conference, he was ordained a deacon in 1915 and an elder in 1917. An opportunity came in 1924 for him to return to the New England Southern Conference, where the remainder of his ministry, with the exception of two years in Florida, was spent. During the period of his ministerial labors he served churches at Allentown, Rossburg, Lafayette, Magnetic Springs, Alger, and Vaughnsville, Ohio; Danielson and Baltic, Conn.; Westerly, R. I., and the Swain Memorial Church in Jacksonville, Fla.

All who knew Harvey Conklin loved and respected him. People of both church and community came to him constantly for help and advice. They never went away disappointed. His preaching was direct and sincere, with the definite intention of persuading men to Jesus Christ. He preached what he believed, and lived what he preached. He was a nobleman of the kingdom of God.

Mr. Conklin is survived by his wife and two sons, Harvey H. Conklin of East Rockaway, L. I., and Willard E. Conklin, a student in Boston University School of Theology.

Funeral services were held in Grace Church, Westerly, on Saturday afternoon, November 21. Rev. Earl E. Story, superintendent of the Norwich District, was in charge, assisted by Rev. L. C. Harris, superintendent of the Providence District, and Rev. H. R. Crandall of the Westerly Seventh Day Baptist Church. A large delegation of ministers of the New England Southern Conference attended the service. Burial was in the family lot in Maplewood Cemetery, Norwich, Conn., with Dr. Story reading the committal service.

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"An Office of Worship for New Year's Eve"

The General Commission on Evangelism of The Methodist Church is suggesting that this year Methodists be asked to observe watch-night in their homes, by families or by individuals. Of course, in some communities families may wish to come together in a home. Various organizations may wish to meet as a unit in some home or at the church to observe watch-night. Some communities may desire to follow the annual custom of having a watch-night service at the church.

At the request of the General Commission on Evangelism, Dr. Clarence Seidenspinner of Racine, Wis., has prepared a very beautiful and appropriate worship service for watch-night. This service can be used by an individual, a family, a group, or a church.

Directions for the use of the service by

each group have been written by Dr. Seidenspinner and are printed in the booklet.

"An Office of Worship for New Year's Eve," as the booklet is called, sells for three dollars a hundred, postpaid. Smaller or larger quantities may be ordered at the same price of three cents each from the General Commission on Evangelism, 166 Eighth Avenue, North, Nashville, Tenn.

Part of this worship service is given to prayers of petition for America, for our boys in the service, for our Government, for the world, for home and loved ones, for personal help, for the church, etc. There is also a place for dedication for the New Year.

Bible Sunday—1942

Theme—"Watch Your Scripture Reading"

G. Hampton McGaw

O God, we prize the open Book,
Thy love for us revealing;
The potent balm of Gilead
Is offered for our healing.

The judgments of the Lord are true,
In righteousness us leading;
Our part is to apply the Word,
And watch our Scripture reading.

To read and hear God's call to us,
With purposeful deciding,
Demands determination keen
And humbleness abiding.

Our Master, in the home-town church,
His mission's goal well heeding,
Found in the Book prophetic words:
He watched his Scripture reading.

We, like the Ethiopic prince,
Read words, the pages turning;
Without a guide the sense escapes,
Nor can we else be learning.

Come, Holy Spirit, be our guide;
Reveal to earnest pleading
The treasures of the Book divine,
And watch our Scripture reading.

Methodist Youth Choices

Last August, a ballot was mailed to every Methodist pastor in the United States for the use of the members of the youth division of his church, or churches, in voting on emblem, covenant, benediction, motto, and colors for the Methodist Youth Fellowship. Ballots were returnable before October 15. Tabulation has now been completed. Below are given the choices made by the youth of Methodism through this official ballot, to govern throughout the church from now on:

Emblem (reproduction appears herewith)—The outer design is a combination of the cross pattee and the Maltese cross, with the Latin cross at the center and the circle binding the whole together.

Covenant—"It is our purpose in the Methodist Youth Fellowship: to live clean lives following the highest that we know; to give our loyalty and service through The Methodist Church of which we are a part, working with others that she may more perfectly follow the Master and more worthily bless mankind; to hold the ideals of unselfish service ever before us, striving continually for human betterment, placing the welfare of others above our own; and in simple trust, to follow Jesus as our Saviour and Lord."

Benediction—Leader: "The Lord bless thee and keep thee." Group: "The Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee. The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."

Motto—Christ Above All.

Colors—Blue and gold.

Pins—May be secured after March 1 from The Methodist Publishing House. The price of the small-size emblem in gold plate and blue enamel on sterling silver will be seventy-five cents, postpaid.

Townsend Methodists Rejoice

The Methodist Church at Townsend has just been having three Sundays of rejoicing and thanksgiving over the completion of extensive repairs and beautifying of the church edifice. Townsend Methodists have every reason to be proud of their lovely colonial building, erected in 1770, with its unusual tower, which elicits universal admiration.

Early in the pastorate of the late Rev. L. A. Nies, the church was connected with the town water, sanitary facilities were installed, the kitchen was completely equipped with modern conveniences, and other improvements were made. The present pastor Rev. William E. Anderson, with the aid of an excellent committee, has faithfully carried forward this good work. Within the last year the auditorium has been redecorated, the woodwork painted, and new runners for the aisles have been secured. The foyers have been renewed in soft colonial color, and the tower has been repaired. The men of the church did the work on the vestibules and the tower. The other items were made possible through the continued generosity of a good friend of the church, in addition to the gifts of the people and church societies. The exterior of the edifice because of its perfect construction, requires no attention at present. The Repairs Committee consisted of William McMaster, William H. Wing, Howard Weir, and Arthur Valcourt, with a cooperating committee from the Woman's Society: Mrs. Lo Carlton, Mrs. Gladys Merrill, and Mrs. Robert Misner.

The first Sunday of the period of rejoicing, the men took entire charge of the morning service, including the choir and also the speakers, who were George Hale, Howard Barkhouse, and C. William Anderson, with Howard Weir as presiding officer. The second Sunday, two former pastors returned, Rev. Wilbur T. Hale of West Springfield who served the church for six years

WHEN A PREACHER NEEDS A FRIEND

¶ Being a Friend to everybody is the life and work of a Preacher. When his health breaks or he becomes too old to work this Preacher needs a Friend.

¶ He has been your Friend. Will you now be his Friend?

¶ Preachers' Aid Society, New England Annual Conference, The Methodist Church, gives you opportunity by Will, Life Annuity Agreement (pays you a sure, larger, regular income on your contribution as long as you live), Estate Pledge, Memorial, Annual Pledge or Cash Gift.

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For many years this unique church serving the polyglot community of Boston's South End has been a strong tower of spiritual comfort and help. Its language pastors minister to separate congregations in the native tongue. Here is truly "An House of Prayer for All People."

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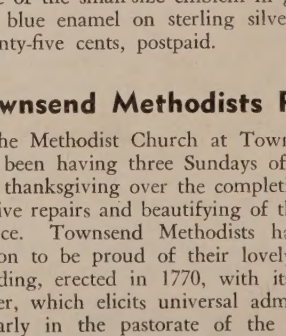
F. C. MOORE, Treasurer

WHEN YOU MAKE YOUR WILL, REMEMBER THE WORK OF MORGAN MEMORIAL



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eached in the morning. In the evening, e preacher was Rev. David L. Martin of ston, who was pastor at Townsend forty ars ago, at the beginning of his ministry. the close of the evening meeting, light reshments were served by the women of e church, and a social time was enjoyed, th an opportunity to meet these former stors. The third Sunday, November 22, e observance was brought to a climax with message by the district superintendent, ev. John L. Cairns. J. M. S.

BOOKS JUST RECEIVED

★

Magic. By Barrows Mussey. A. S. Barnes d Company: New York. Price, $1.

100 Puzzles. How to Make and How to olve Them. By Anthony S. Filipiak. A. S. arnes and Company: New York. Price, $1.

The Three Meanings: Prayer, Faith, Service. Three books in one. By Harry Emerson Fosdick. Association Press: New York. rice, $2.50.

What Gandhi Is Teaching the World. By hn Haynes Holmes. The Community hurch, New York City. Price, 10 cents.

A Mind for Missions. By Corliss P. Haraves. The Methodist Publishing House. rice, 20 cents each; $1.10 half-dozen; $2.15 ozen.

Jewish Post-War Problems. A Study ourse. Unit I, Why Study Post-War Probms. Unit II, The Two World Wars—A omparison and Contrast. Prepared by the esearch Institute on Peace and Post-War roblems of The American Jewish Committee, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York City. Price of single unit, 10 cents; entire course, 50 cents.

Teaching Sermons. By W. K. Lowther Clarke. The Macmillan Company: New York. Price, $1.25.

Christian Belief. A Short Exposition of the Apostles' Creed. By R. H. Malden. The Macmillan Company: New York. Price, 90 cents.

Then and Now. The Historic Church and the Younger Churches. By John Foster. Edited, with a Preface, by Kenneth Scott Latourette. Harper & Brothers: New York. Price, $1.75.

Our Eternal Contemporary. By Walter Marshall Horton. Harper & Brothers: New York. Price, $2.

The Open Door. By Floyd Van Keuren. Harper & Brothers: New York. Price, $1.25.

Answering Distant Calls. Creative Personalities, Volume IV. Edited by Mabel H. Erdman for the Student Volunteer Movement. Association Press: New York. Price, $1.50.

Christian Symbolism in the Evangelical Churches. By Thomas Albert Stafford. Abingdon-Cokesbury Press: New York, Nashville. Price, $2.

Crisis on the Frontier. "The Scholar as Preacher" (Sixth Series). By Arthur A. Cowan, M. A. Charles Scribner's Sons: New York. Price, $2.50.

Discussion and Program Suggestions for Adults on Latin America. Based primarily on "On This Foundation" (by W. Stanley Rycroft). Suggestions for Discussion Groups. By Wesley M. Carr. Suggestions for Program Meetings and Worship. By Margaret W. Taylor. Friendship Press: New York. Price, 25 cents.

Missionary Worship Programs. Series II. By Alice Geer Kelsey. Friendship Press: New York. Price, 25 cents.

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Church Register

HERALD CALENDAR

Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, Biennial Meeting, Cleveland, Ohio, December 10-12
Universal Bible Sunday, December 13
Florida Conference, Ocala, Bishop A. P. Shaw, December 16
Cuba Conference, Camaguey, Bishop Paul B. Kern, December 31
Association of Schools and Colleges of The Methodist Church, Annual Meeting, Cleveland, Ohio, January 11, 12

HELP FOR STEWARDSHIP COMMITTEES—Layman Tithing Foundation, which cooperates with all denominations, will send, for one dollar, to any committee or individual, a package containing more than 550 pages of pamphlets, bulletins, and tabloids, plus a copy of "A Lad's Lunch," stewardship stories (ages 4-15) by Dr. John E. Simpson, just off the press. Also circular price lists with special offers and suggestions for tithing campaigns. The price is less than the cost of production. Sample package, $1. Please mention ZIONS HERALD, also give your denomination.

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Bits of Fun

An American soldier in Ireland, anxiously waiting to hear from his sweetheart back home, accosted a native and inquired, "How many mails do you have here a day?"

"Three," was the reply, "breakfast, dinner, and supper."—*Exchange.*

An attractive young miss detained by the police, temporarily, for a traffic violation was asked to fill out a card with her name and address and information about her car.

After she had handed in the card and driven away, the head of the traffic bureau found these data: make, female; type, blonde; year, twenty-one.—*Boston Globe.*

Sarge: "I'm going to teach you to carry yourself."

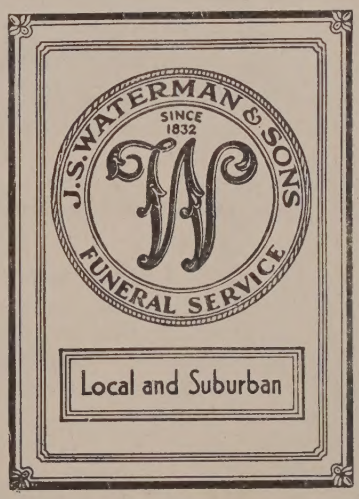
Draftee: "Huh? Don't the army have stretcher-bearers?"—*Selected.*

Government Examiner: "How did you come to mark this man's paper 101 per cent? Don't you know that nothing can be more perfect than 100 per cent?"

New Assistant: "Yes, but this man answered one question we didn't ask."—*Exchange.*

"My father was a Pole."

"Really? How interesting! North or South?"—*Alabama Christian Advocate.*



Miscellaneous Advertisements

CHURCH FURNITURE—Pews, pulpits, pulpit chairs, communion tables, altar vases, altar crosses, baptismal fonts, folding chairs, Sunday school furniture. We allow for or sell your old equipment. Catalog and details on request. Redington Co., Department 402, Scranton, Pa.

TEMPLE HALL, 35 Temple St., Boston, Mass. A good place for moderate-income people to live or spend a vacation in the heart of Boston. Girls and women cared for the year around. Families in the summer. Rooms $3 per week and up. Kitchen privileges. For information, write the matron, Mrs. Ruth Taylor.

FOLDING CHAIRS—Brand-new steel folding chairs. Full upholstered seat and form-fitting back. Rubber feet. Send for sample. $21.50 dozen. Redington Co., Department 55, Scranton, Pa.

WARTIME COLLEGE TRAINING PROGRAM

The passage of the 18-year-old draft law and the increasing importance of mobilizing the country's manpower for an all-out victory effort have placed new emphasis on early college entrance. To meet this need the Boston University Wartime College Training Program has been established. This Program provides an opportunity for qualified high school seniors to begin their college work in January, 1943, even though they have not fully completed their senior year in high school. It is the result of several months' planning and preparation and is based on the advice of prominent military, governmental, and educational experts.

The purpose of the Program is to enable qualified high school students to obtain as much college training as possible in the shortest period of time. In this manner young men and women can be as fully prepared as possible to enter the Armed Services or to assume other positions requiring responsibility and leadership. The Program is designed to utilize the formative period from 16 years to 18½ years of age in serious, concentrated study for military and war manpower requirements, as well as for broad educational needs.

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2. **One, two, and four-year programs permit flexibility in case of early military service.**
3. **Earn one year college credit by August, 1943; two years in only fifteen months—through accelerated programs.**
4. **Help win the war and the peace by greater usefulness in military service or on the home front.**

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For men and women. Condensed programs in physical education for men, elementary education, secondary education, and nursing education.

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For women. An accelerated course of study in physical education and physical therapy.

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For men and women. Concentrated programs in industrial management, statistics, accounting, banking and finance, advertising, selling, insurance, journalism, marketing, and geography.

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For women. Condensed programs in secretarial studies, home economics, art, and the teaching of commercial subjects, home economics, and art.

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